J Lloyd Middle Temple
1774
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LETTERS,

BY

JOHN HUGHES, ESQ.

AND

SEVERAL OTHER EMINENT PERSONS DECEASED.

Siege of Damascus (original plan) Act IV. Scene II.

Sus.ᵃ Duncombe inv. et deb.ᵗ Will.ᵐ Walker Sculp.ᵗ

With some PIECES, by Mr. HUGHES,
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED,
AND THE
ORIGINAL PLAN of the SIEGE of DAMASCUS.

13

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

LETTERS,

BY

SEVERAL EMINENT PERSONS DECEASED.

INCLUDING

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF

JOHN HUGHES, ESQ.

(AUTHOR OF THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS)

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS,

PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS:

WITH

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL.

By JOHN DUNCOMBE, M. A.
One of the Six Preachers in Christ Church, Canterbury.

In THREE VOLUMES.

The SECOND EDITION, with ADDITIONS.

VOLUME I.

LONDON,
Printed for J. Johnson, in St. Paul's Church-yard.
MDCCLXXIII.

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PREFACE.

THE letters here offered to the public require no other recommendation than the ſubjects which they diſcuſs, and the names of their authors. Curioſity is never more awakened, and never more gratified, than by ſuch an epiſtolary intercourſe: ſages and poets long deceaſed there ſeem revived and preſent to our view: we are admitted into the cloſets and confidence of the great and good, we imagine ourſelves their friends and correſpondents. Cicero pleading in the forum, and Cicero correſponding with Atticus, appear, it muſt be owned, in very different lights; but few will be at a loſs to diſcover in which character he deſerves the preference, in which character we are

moſt likely to find his true and genuine ſentiments.

To the objection that may be made againſt publiſhing letters not intended for the preſs, an anſwer ſhall be given in the words of the editors of Shenſtone and Swift: "This objection, though it carries "with it an air of delicacy, will not hold "in all caſes, and therefore muſt unavoi- "dably be ſubject to ſome limitations; "theſe limitations muſt vary, as the cir- "cumſtances of caſes happen to vary; and "not to make proper allowances for ſuch "circumſtances, is highly unreaſonable; "injurious to many who have deſerved "well of the public by this very conduct, "and detrimental to the intereſts of litera- "ture. It is ſufficient to ſay, that where "neither the reputation of the writer, nor "that of any other perſon, is injured, there "the force of the objection evidently ceaſes. "And it is believed, on the moſt mature

"delibe-

" deliberation, that this is the caſe in the " preſent inſtance."

Preface to Shenſtone's letters, p. iv.

" It may be preſumed, that though the " publication of letters has been cenſured " by ſome, yet it is not condemned by the " general voice, ſince a numerous ſubſcrip- " tion, in which are many reſpectable " names, has been lately obtained, for " printing other parts of the dean's epiſto- " lary correſpondence, by a relation*, who " profeſſes the utmoſt veneration for his " memory, and a noble lord † has permit- " ted Mr. Wilkes [the proprietor] to place " this under his protection."

Preface to Swift's letters, p. ix.

On the whole, it is hoped that theſe letters will be deemed no unſuitable addition to thoſe of Swift and Pope, as they ſerve to throw ſtill farther light on the hiſtory of learning, and to illuſtrate the characters of

* Deane Swift, eſq. † Earl Temple.

ſeveral of the learned, for near a century paſt; while, at the ſame time, they anſwer a moſt important and intereſting purpoſe, by teaching readers of every rank, from the diſappointments of ſome, the infirmities of others, and the deaths of all, to anticipate and realiſe what probably may, and certainly muſt, be their own fate; to look forward to the period of this tranſient life, and to make the beſt uſe of thoſe fleeting moments which never can be recalled.

J. DUNCOMBE.

P. S. The favourable reception which the public has given to this publication, has induced the editor to make ſome additions to it, together with the following memoirs, which, in juſtice to the purchaſers of the firſt edition, are alſo printed in a ſeparate volume.

Mr.

Mr. John Hughes, the eldeſt ſon* of a citizen of London, by Anne, the daughter of Iſaac Burges, eſq; of an ancient family in Wiltſhire, was born at Marlborough in that county, January 29, 1677, but was educated at London, and received the firſt rudiments of learning in private ſchools. The weakneſs, or, at leaſt, the delicacy, of his conſtitution diverted him, perhaps, from ſeverer ſtudies, and induced him to cultivate as an amuſement the ſiſter-arts of poetry, muſic, and drawing. At the age of nineteen he imitated in paraphraſe one of the moſt difficult odes of Horace †. At the ſame age he wrote a tragedy, entitled, "Amalaſont, Queen of the Goths," which diſplays a fertile genius and maſterly invention; but as it was not reviſed and corrected by the author in his riper age, it

* His grandfather, Mr. William Hughes, of Marlborough, was one of the miniſters ejected by the Bartholomew-act in 1662.
See his life in Calamy's "account" of thoſe miniſters.

† Book i, ode 22. See p. 20.

was

was never brought on the ſtage, and ſtill remains in manuſcript *. By the Muſes, however, he was not wholly engroſſed. He had a place in the office of ordnance, and was ſecretary to ſeveral commiſſions under the great ſeal, for purchaſing lands for the better ſecuring the royal docks and yards, at Portſmouth, Chatham, and Harwich. The "Triumph of Peace" was his firſt poem of any length that appeared in public. It was written on occaſion of the peace of Ryſwick, and printed in the year 1697. It was received, in particular, with great applauſe, by the beſt critics at Cambridge, as appears by a letter to a friend of the author †. In the following

* See p. 21.

† "I think I never heard a poem read with ſo "much admiration as the "Triumph of Peace" was "by our beſt critics here; nor a greater character "given to a young poet at his firſt appearance; no, "not even to Mr. Congreve himſelf. So nobly ele- "vated are his thoughts, his numbers ſo harmonious, "and his turns ſo fine and delicate, that we cry out "with Tully, on a like occaſion, *Noſtræ ſpes alteræ "Romæ.*" Dated Feb. 28, 1697-8.

year

year he addreſſed ſome verſes to the author of "Fatal Friendſhip," a tragedy. This writer, then Mrs. Trotter, was afterwards well know to the literary world by the name of Mrs. Cockburn. His "Court of "Neptune," on the return of king William from Holland, and a "ſong" on the duke of Glouceſter's birth-day, were both printed in 1699. On the death of king William, in 1702, he publiſhed a Pindaric ode, entitled, "The Houſe of Naſſau." His ſentiments on the propereſt manner of tranſlating Horace, may be collected from a letter to a friend, dated the ſame year, incloſing a tranſlation of the ode to Groſphus.* His "ode in praiſe of muſic," was performed with great applauſe at Stationers-hall in 1703. His ſkill in muſic peculiarly qualified him for ſuch compoſitions, and he was no leſs fortunate in having his pieces ſet by Dr. Pepuſch, Mr. Galliard, Mr. Handel, and other great maſters. Studies more ſerious, and more important, had alſo

* See p. 27.

their

their ſhare of his attention; in particular, a thankſgiving ſermon, preached before the queen at St. Paul's, in Aug. 1705, by Dr. Willis, dean of Lincoln, gave riſe to a letter to the dean from our author, entitled, "A review of the caſe of Ephraim and "Judah, and its application to the caſe of "the church of England and the diſ-"ſenters *."

A new tranſlation of the "advices from Parnaſſus," and the "political touchſtone" of Trajano Boccalini, being publiſhed in 1706, Mr. Hughes was prevailed with to reviſe and correct it, and to add a preface. In the ſame year a "Complete Hiſtory of "England" being undertaken by the booksellers, on a plan recommended ſome years before by Sir William Temple †, our auther undertook to collect the materials for the two firſt volumes, and gave an account of them in a very judicious introduction. This work was continued and completed

* See p. 147. † See p. 8.

by

by Dr. Kennet, whoſe name it bears. In the ſucceeding year, Mr. Hughes's "ode "to the memory of William, duke of De-"vonſhire," was performed at Stationers-hall by the celebrated Signora Margarita and Mrs. Tofts. In 1708, his tranſlation of Fontenelle's "Dialogues of the Dead," after having lain by him ſix years, was permitted to ſee the light. This tranſlation had the unuſual honour of being mentioned with applauſe in the "*Journal des Sçavans.*" Prefixed is a diſcourſe in defence of his author, and two original dialogues are annexed. Some years after, he tranſlated Fontenelle's "Diſcourſes concerning the "ancients and moderns," and alſo the celebrated "Letters of Abelard and Heloiſe." The latter was ſo well received as to paſs through ſeveral editions in a few years, though the name of the tranſlator was long unknown.

Thomas earl of Wharton, on his being appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, in 1708, expreſſed his regard for Mr. Hughes

by offering to provide for him in that kingdom. But depending on the more flattering but probably leſs ſincere promiſes of another great man at home, he declined that offer, which afterwards he had reaſon to regret. His tranſlation of the "Miſan-"trope" of Moliere, with an excellent preface (omitted in Ozell's edition) appeared in 1709. He afterwards tranſlated the firſt act of the "Miſer," but did not finiſh that play. In 1711, at the deſire of Sir Richard Steele, he made ſome alterations in Dryden's "Alexander's feaſt," but Mr. Clayton's compoſition of it was far, it ſeems, from ſatisfying the connoiſſeurs *. In 1712, his opera of "Calypſo and Tele-"machus" was performed at the king's theatre in the Haymarket. The particular diſcouragements under which it laboured, and its triumph over them, are mentioned in the following work †. Mr. Hughes's tranſlation of Vertot's "Hiſtory of the Re-"volutions in Portugal," though printed

* See letter xvii, p. 67. † Page 96, note.

in

in 1712, was not publiſhed till after his death. The ſhare that he took in the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian is ſpecified at the bottom of the page *. In 1713, after the

* In the Tatler he wrote No. 64, a letter ſigned "Joſiah Couplet." No. 73, a letter againſt gameſters, ſigned "William Truſty;" Mr. Tickell alludes to this letter in a copy of verſes addreſſed to the Spectator, No. 532:

From felon gameſters the raw ſquire is free,
And Britain owes her reſcued oaks to thee;

and No. 113, the inventory of a beau.

In the Spectator, No. 33, a letter on the art of improving beauty. No. 53, a ſecond letter on the ſame ſubject. No. 66, two letters on fine breeding. No. 91, the hiſtory of Honoria, or the rival mother. No. 104, a letter on riding-habits for ladies. No. 141, remarks on a comedy, entitled "The Lancaſhire Witches." No. 210, on the immortality of the ſoul. No. 220, a letter concerning expedients for wit. No. 230, all, except the laſt letter. No. 231, a letter on the awe of appearing before public aſſemblies. No. 237, on Divine Providence. No. 252, a letter on the eloquence of tears and fainting fits. No. 302, the character of Emilia. No. 311, a letter from the father of a great fortune. No. 375,

Guardian was dropped, he was a large contributor to a paper undertaken by Sir Richard Blackmore, ſtyled "The Lay Monk." In the ſame year, his "Ode to the Creator "of the world, occaſioned by the fragments "of Orpheus," was printed at the particular inſtance of Mr. Addiſon, and was mentioned by him with applauſe in the Spectator. The "tenth book of Lucan" was tranſlated by our author at the deſire of Mr. Tonſon, before Mr. Rowe undertook to tranſlate the whole. That Cato was finiſhed and brought upon the ſtage is ſaid to have been owing to Mr. Hughes; that gentleman repreſenting to Mr. Addiſon the

a picture of virtue in diſtreſs. No. 525, on conjugal love. No. 537, on the dignity of human nature. No. 541, rules for pronunciation and action, chiefly collected from Cicero. No. 554, on the improvement of the genius, illuſtrated in the characters of lord Bacon, Mr. Boyle, ſir Iſaac Newton, and Leonardo da Vinci.

In the Guardian, No. 37, which contains remarks on the tragedy of Othello,

great

great ſupport which the principles of liberty there inculcated would give to the old Engliſh public ſpirit at that dangerous criſis. At this hint, Mr. Addiſon, after having aſked Mr. Hughes to finiſh it, took fire himſelf, and went through with the vth act. On its appearing, Mr. Hughes ſent the author a copy of verſes, which were afterwards prefixed to it, with ſeveral other poems. Two letters that paſſed on that occaſion are inſerted in this collection *. To the "poetical miſcellanies" publiſhed by Sir Richard Steele, in 1714, he was at firſt a large contributor, but finding, before publication, that Mr. Pope's "Wife of Bath's Tale," and ſome other pieces, which were inconſiſtent with his ideas of decency and decorum, had been admitted, he immediately withdrew moſt of his own, and would allow only two ſmall poems, and thoſe without a name, to appear there. The pieces thus withdrawn were inſerted the ſame year in another "miſcel-
"lany, leſs brilliant perhaps but more

* Page 102—104.

unex-

unexceptionable, printed for Pemberton. His edition of the "Works of Spen-"ſer," in ſix volumes octavo, dedicated to lord Somers, in 1715, attracted the attention and gratified the expectation of the public. A ſhort parallel between the editor and his author, drawn by a maſterly hand, may be ſeen in the following work*. His "Apollo and Daphne" was brought on the ſtage in the ſame year. The intereſt which Sir Richard Steele took in its ſucceſs, will appear by letter xxxviii †. Mr. Tickell's "Prophecy of Nereus" (imitated from Horace) and applied to a ſecond-ſighted Highland wizard, at the time of the rebellion, gave riſe to ſome "Critical re-"marks" by Mr. Hughes (in a letter to Thomas Serjeant, eſq;) in which he clearly ſhews, that though there are excellent lines in that imitation, "the ſerious deſtroys the "burleſque; and the burleſque infects and "debaſes the ſerious." Nor was our author, at that alarming criſis, an idle

* Page 129, note *. † Page 135.

ſpectator

ſpectator of the danger of his country. Firm to the revolution and the proteſtant eſtabliſhment, he unanſwerably expoſed "The complicated guilt of the rebellion," in a pamphlet ſo ſtyled, written in the year 1716. But as that inſurrection was ſoon after quelled, this tract was not publiſhed 'till the year 1745, when, at a like criſis, it was firſt printed, with a preface, by Mr. Duncombe. Actuated by the ſame revolutional principles, in June, 1717, though then ill of a fever, he "could not" (as he expreſſes it) "ſit ſtill and think himſelf "unconcerned, while a perſon whom he "much honoured, was barbarouſly trea-"ted;" and therefore drew his pen in defence of biſhop Hoadly, from the charge brought againſt him by Dr. Snape and others *. In the ſame year, lord chancellor Cowper (to whom Mr. Hughes had been but lately known) without any ſolicitation, appointed him ſecretary to the commiſſions of the peace, was ever after-

* See letter xliv, p. 154.

wards

wards his moſt ſincere and cordial friend, and, in 1718, recommended him, and him only, to the ſucceeding lord chancellor, lord Parker, who very readily continued him in his employment. His ſatirical viſion, entitled "Charon, or the Ferry-boat," was publiſhed in the year 1708. The plan of this ſeems in ſome meaſure adopted in the dramatic ſatire ſtyled "Lethe". The "dedication to Hei-"degger" (the "Swiſs count") is inſerted in the "appendix," having been omitted in the author's "works". Sir Godfrey Kneller having painted his picture a few weeks before his death, Mr. Hughes preſented it to earl Cowper. The value his lordſhip ſet upon it will appear by his genteel letter on receiving it *. The dedication of our author's laſt work, dictated to his brother when he was too weak to write, but ten days before his death, was his final acknowledgment to his noble patron. This laſt work was his tragedy,

* Page 267.

"The

the "Siege of Damaſcus," in which the rays of his genius are, as it were, collected to a point. But this tragedy is ſo generally known and admired, and of the deviations, which, contrary to his judgment, the players obliged him to make from his original plan, ſo much is occaſionally ſaid in the following letters, that I ſhall only add, that it was brought upon the ſtage February 17, 1719-20, a few hours only before the author died; a moſt affecting circumſtance to his friends, and indeed to the whole audience. Sir Richard Steele, with the humanity that diſtinguiſhed his character, took the firſt opportunity of paying his debt of friendſhip and eſteem, in a paper entitled "The Theatre," No. 15, which not being collected into a volume is here annexed. Mr. Hughes's philoſophical ode called "The Ecſtacy", in which there is a fine compliment to Sir Iſaac Newton, was publiſhed after his death. In 1726, his only ſiſter was married to William Duncombe, eſq; who, in 1735, collected and publiſhed his poems in two volumes 12°.

adding to thoſe that had before been printed ſome that were in the hands of the late Alexander Strahan, eſq; the tranſlator of the Æneid. Prefixed are ſome pathetic verſes by Miſs Judith Cowper * (now Mrs. Madan,) Mr. John Bunce, Mr. Lewis Duncombe, &c. Mrs. Duncombe died in 1735-6, leaving an only ſon, the editor of the preſent work. Of Mr. Hughes's brother, Jabez, a votary alſo of the Muſes, ſome account is given in this volume, p. 160.

Theſe memoirs cannot be better cloſed than with the following ſhort character, annexed by Dr. Campbell to his accurate life of this writer, in the ivth volume of "Biographia Britannica:"

"Mr. John Hughes was more ſollicitous "to deſerve fame than ambitious to enjoy "it. He was by nature addicted to ſtudy, "and with a great genius had a vaſt fund

* Daughter of Spencer Cowper, eſq; one of the judges of the court of common-pleas, and niece to the lord chancellor.

"of

" of diligence, an exquiſite taſte, a correct
" judgment; but with all theſe qualities,
" was modeſt, and even diffident, to a ſur-
" priſing degree; which hindered him from
" collecting or publiſhing many valuable
" pieces of poetry, and ſome of proſe. How
" well he was acquainted with the ancients,
" and how proper a uſe he made of that
" acquaintance, appears from his tranſla-
" tions and imitations of Orpheus, Tyrtæus,
" Pindar, Anacreon, and Euripides, amongſt
" the Greeks; as well as of Horace, Ovid,
" Lucan, and Claudian, amongſt the Ro-
" mans. This did not, however, prejudice
" him againſt the moderns: he tranſlated
" alſo from the French; and his 'Birth of
" the Roſe,' from a writer of that country,
" is not the leaſt beautiful piece amongſt
" his works. His ſkill in muſic, which
" was exquiſite, gave him ſuch an advan-
" tage over other poets, as might, with
" proper encouragement, have carried the
" Engliſh opera as high as the Italian. His
" talent for lyric poetry was juſtly admired,
" and his tragedy of 'The Siege of Damaſ-

'cus' was an inſtance that pain and ſickneſs
"could not abate the fire of his genius, or
"hinder him from giving marks of it as
"long as he lived. He did not write, at
"leaſt he did not publiſh, much; but if
"we conſider him as an invalid almoſt
"through his whole life, his avocations on
"account of buſineſs, and that he was but
"forty-two when he ceaſed to live, and
"alſo call to mind how correct every thing
"was that came from him, we muſt re-
"tract our aſſertion, and allow that he pub-
"liſhed a great deal. His character as a
"critic was at leaſt equal to his character
"as a poet, but were both excelled by his
"character as a man and a Chriſtian. His
"religion was ſincere without ſeverity, his
"morals ſtrict but not auſtere, his con-
"verſation equally inſtructive and pleaſant.
"To ſay all of him he deſerved would be
"a hard taſk. Let it ſuffice then—the
"man whom the biſhop of Wincheſter ho-
"noured as a friend*, the man whom Mr.
"Addiſon admired as a poet†, the man

* See letter xlvii, p. 186. † See letter xxiii, p. 102.

"whoſe

" whoſe goodneſs and integrity Mr. Pope
" had in veneration *, could be no ordi-
" nary man."

The THEATRE, No. XV.

By Sir JOHN EDGAR [Sir RICHARD STEELE.]

Conveniens vitæ mors fuit illa tuæ. Ovid.

From Tueſday, Feb. 16, to Saturday, Feb. 20, 1719-20.

I HAVE paſſed my laſt hours with a great deal of amuſement, and have gone through all the viciſſitudes of agreeable and penſive reflection, to which my imagination could turn itſelf. I am, indeed, juſt now come from the maſquerade; but laſt night ſaw the " Siege of Damaſcus," and had the mortification to hear this evening, that Mr. Hughes, the author of that excellent tragedy, departed this life within a few hours

* See letters xxxvii, lxxv and lxxxiii.

after

after his play was acted with universal applauſe. This melancholy circumſtance recalled into my thought a ſpeech in the tragedy, which very much affected the whole audience, and was attended to with the greateſt and moſt ſolemn inſtance of approbation, an awful ſilence. The incidents of the play plunge an heroic character into the laſt extremity; and he is admoniſhed by a tyrant-commander to expect no mercy, but is left alone to conſider with himſelf, whether he will comply with the terms he offers him, to wit, changing the Chriſtian religion for the Mahometan idolatry *, or die.

The words with which the Turkiſh general makes his *exit* from his priſoner, are,

Farewell, and think of death.

* The Mahometans are ſo far from being liable to the charge of idolatry, that the firſt and fundamental principle of their religion is the Unity of God. No ſect whatever have a greater abhorrence of idolatry, than the diſciples of Mahomet. This is evident from almoſt every page of the Koran.

Upon

Upon which, the captive breaks into the following ſoliloquy:

Farewell! and think of death!—Was it not ſo?
Do murderers then preach morality?—
But how to think of what the living know not,
And the dead cannot, or elſe may not tell.
What art thou, O thou great myſterious terror!
The way to thee we know; diſeaſes, famine,
Sword, fire, and all thy ever-open gates,
That, day and night, ſtand ready to receive us.
But what's beyond them? Who will draw that veil?
Yet death's not there—No, 'tis a point of time;
The verge 'twixt mortal and immortal being.
It mocks our thought—On this ſide all is life;
And when we've reach'd it, in that very inſtant,
'Tis paſt the thinking of—O! if it be
The pangs, the throes, the agoniſing ſtruggle,
When ſoul and body part, ſure I have felt it,
And there's no more to fear.

All men who have a taſte of good arts, will lament the loſs of this gentleman for his admirable performance; and his acquaintance will not take it ill, that ſomething is here ſaid of him, by one who knew him very intimately, and had a great reſpect for his merit and virtue.

I can-

I cannot, in the firſt place, but felicitate a death, on the ſame evening in which he had received and merited the applauſe of his country, for a great and good action. His work is full of ſuch ſentiments, as only can give comfort in the laſt hour; and, I am told, he ſhewed a pleaſure in hearing the labours, which he ſo honeſtly and virtuouſly intended, had met with a ſuitable ſucceſs *: and happy was the man, who, while he felt himſelf in the loweſt degree of human condition, could, at the ſame time, give himſelf the ſatisfaction that he was inſpiring great and good thoughts in a whole people. He lay, like his own hero, with the arrow in his ſide, but would not pull it and let out life, 'till he had performed his courſe of virtue. His whole life, indeed, was the ſtate of his dying hero; he had, in a great meaſure, the dart of mortality ever

* The author was miſinformed in this particular, for Mr. Hughes had then laid aſide all thoughts of his play, and compoſed himſelf to meet death with the reſolution and dignity becoming a chriſtian philoſopher.

feſtering

feſtering in his body, from birth, the entrance into pain, to death, the *exit* from it. Mr. Hughes could hardly ever be ſaid to have enjoyed health; but was, in the very beſt of his days, a valetudinarian. If thoſe who are ſparing of giving praiſe to any virtue, without extenuation of it, ſhould ſay, that his youth was chaſtiſed into the ſeverity, and preſerved in the innocence, for which he was conſpicuous, from the infirmity of his conſtitution, they will be under new difficulty, when they hear that he had none of thoſe faults, to which ill ſtate of health ordinarily ſubjects the reſt of mankind. His incapacity for more frolic diverſions never made him peeviſh or ſour to thoſe whom he ſaw in them; but his humanity was ſuch, that he could partake and ſhare thoſe pleaſures he beheld others enjoy, without repining that he himſelf could not join in them. No, he made a true uſe of an ill conſtitution, and formed his mind to the living under it, with as much ſatisfaction as it could admit of. His intervals of eaſe were employed in drawing, deſigning, or

elſe in muſic or poetry; for he had not only a taſte, but an ability of performance to a great excellence, in thoſe arts which entertain the mind within the rules of the ſevereſt morality, and the ſtricteſt dictates of religion. He did not ſeem to wiſh for more than he poſſeſſed, even as to health*, but to contemn ſenſuality as a ſober man does drunkenneſs; he was ſo far from envying, that he pitied the jollities that were enjoyed by a more happy conſtitution. He could converſe with the moſt ſprightly, without peeviſhneſs; and ſickneſs itſelf had no other effect upon him, than to make him look upon all violent pleaſures as evils he had eſcaped without the trouble of avoiding.

Dr. Sprat finiſhes his account of the life and writings of Mr. Cowley with this remarkable paragraph:

* This ſounds very pretty in ſpeculation, but is too refined for practice. Mr. Hughes never pretended to be a Stoic.

" Perhaps,"

" Perhaps," ſays he, " it may be judged,
" that I have ſpent too many words on a
" private man and a ſcholar, whoſe life was
" not remarkable for ſuch a variety of
" events, as are wont to be the ornaments
" of this kind of relations. I know it is
" the cuſtom of the world to prefer the
" pompous hiſtories of great men before
" the greateſt virtues of others, whoſe lives
" have been led in a courſe leſs illuſtrious.
" This, indeed, is the general humour.
" But I believe it to be an error in mens
" judgments: for certainly, that is a more
" profitable inſtruction which may be taken
" from the eminent goodneſs of men of
" lower rank, than that which we learn
" from the ſplendid repreſentation of the
" battles, and victories, and buildings, and
" ſayings of great commanders and princes.
" Such ſpecious matters, as they are ſeldom
" delivered with fidelity, ſo they ſerve but
" for the imitation of a very few, and rather
" make for the oſtentation, than the true
" information of human life. Whereas it is
" from the practice of men equal to our-

" ſelves, that we are more naturally taught " to command our paſſions, to direct our " knowledge, and to govern our actions."

I am very glad of ſo great an authority for the ſupport of an opinion, which I have always had, ſince I could think at all, and received from the great writers of antiquity, That we are to undreſs men, and throw off the mantle and train with which fortune has cloathed them, before we can propoſe them as patterns to ourſelves, or truly know their private character. But without that labour and enquiry, thoſe who approach our condition are immediate objects of our approbation or diſlike; and teach us in a more lively manner what to avoid, or purſue. It is therefore, methinks, an injury to the great merit of private men, that writers, who ſeldom riſe above that degree (at leaſt in their fortunes) ſhould proſtitute their talents in adorning thoſe only among the virtuous, who are poſſeſſors of wealth and power.

The gentleman, to whoſe memory I devote this paper, may be the emulation of more perſons of different talents than any one I have ever known. His head, hand, or heart, was always employed in ſomething worthy imitation; his pencil, his bow* (ſtring) or his pen, each of which he uſed in a maſterly manner, were always directed to raiſe and entertain his own mind, or that of others, to a more chearful proſecution of what was noble and virtuous. Peace be with thy remains, thou amiable ſpirit! But I talk in the language of our weakneſs: That is flown to the regions of day and immortality, and relieved from the painful inſtrument of anguiſh and ſorrow, in which, for a long and tedious few years, he panted, though with a lively hope for his preſent condition.

With this humane duty, and willing exerciſe of affliction, I blot out the various images of antic dreſſes, gilded ſcenes, and

* The author means the bow of a violin.

giddy

giddy crowds, from which I am juſt returned, and which were hardly ſufficient to divert an oppreſſed ſpirit from its private cares; but they ought to vaniſh at the reflection upon a ſeries of greater weight of ſorrow, that conſtantly loaded the example of chearful patience, whom I have here endeavoured to celebrate.

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N. B. Thoſe marked thus * are added in this edition.

ERRATA.

Page 208, line 5, for "be taking," read "be 'by' taking".
—— 230, — the laſt, for "dave," read "have".
—— 290, — 5, read "inadvertency".

LETTERS, &c.

LETTER I.

Rev. Mr. THOMAS SWIFT * to Mr. BENTLEY, bookſeller, in Covent-garden.

MR. BENTLEY, Moor-park, Feb. 14, 1694-5.

IT was all along my deſign to communicate ſir William Temple's directions to you and your aſſociates, but I was willing to do

* Rector of Puttenham in Surry, chaplain to ſir William Temple, and firſt couſin to the celebrated dean of St. Patrick's, being the only ſon of his uncle Thomas. In a note on Swift's "Sketch of his own "family," Mr. Deane Swift, the editor, ſays, that this "Mr. Thomas Swift was a man of learning and "abilities, but being bred up, like his father and "grand-

it ſo cautiouſly that you might not publiſh unleſs you follow them; for this was the

" grandfather, with an abhorrence and contempt for " all puritanical ſectaries, continued rector of Put- " tenham, without any the leaſt hope of riſing in " the church, for the ſpace of threeſcore years, and " died in May, 1752, in the 87th year of his age." He muſt therefore have had that living, (probably by ſir William Temple's intereſt, it not being far from Moor-park) about three years before this letter was written, and as it is a crown-living, Mr. Swift's preſentation to it ſeems another exception to his relation, Mr. Deane Swift's " perſuaſion, that no ſoli- " citation was ever made to the crown by one of the " name, from the reſtoration to this day, for any the " leaſt favour whatſoever, that was either worth the " crown's refuſal, or any of the family's acceptance, " except, &c." It ſeems ſurpriſing that this gentleman, and the reſt of the dean's biographers, ſhould have taken no notice of this other family-connection of the Swifts with ſir William Temple, as it ſerves to throw ſtill farther light on Dr. Swift's firſt introduction into ſir William Temple's family, (the chaplain being rector of Puttenham in 1692, the year that his kinſman was admitted at Oxford,) and perhaps may in ſome meaſure account for his patron (then retired from the world) neglecting, or not being able, to procure Engliſh preferment for more than one of the Swifts, his own chaplain. In letter xxxiv of

Swift's

folly of Dunton* and his party, that they made a noiſe with my patron's name, whilſt they took a way clear contrary to his directions, and yet pretended that he writ, when it was I writ to them, for he did not ſo much as read their letters. I writ theſe di-

Swift's "Journal to Stella," dated Nov. 7, 1711, he ſays, alluding to a thankſgiving-ſermon by this author, ſtyled "Noah's Dove," "a bookſeller has re-"printed or new-titled a ſermon of Tom Swift's, "printed laſt year, and publiſhes an advertiſement, "calling it Dr. Swift's ſermon." And in other letters he frequently mentions, that "the lord-treaſurer, "when he had a mind to vex him, would call him, "or introduce him to company by the name of, Dr. 'Thomas' Swift." As a clue to this jealouſy or diſlike, let it be remembered, that Tom Swift, his "little parſon-couſin," as the dean ſtyles him, affected to be thought author of the "Tale of a Tub." See a letter from Swift to Ben Tooke, his bookſeller, dated June 29, 1710, in vol. xvii of his works, p. 75.

* John Dunton was a bookſeller who failed in trade, and afterwards turned author. He unluckily 'failed' ſeveral times in his new profeſſion. His principal work was "The life and errors of John "Dunton." "Granger's biographical hiſtory of "England," vol. ii, part 2, p. 416.

rections, to Mr. Simpſon, and deſired him to endeavour his reception into your number, that you might print his introduction, and join in the common concern. When I was in London a ſecond time, I aſked him what was done in it? He ſaid that he had attempted it by a third perſon, and that he found ſome of you were averſe to it, having made proceedings already another way. I was once or twice at your ſhop, but not finding you at home, my own buſineſs called me away, and ſo put a ſtop to this. But ſince you ſeem deſirous of theſe directions, I will give them you as briefly as I can. If you do follow them, I will engage to get you ſubſcriptions by my own acquaintance in theſe parts, and ſir William Temple's directions, and the goodneſs of the method, will get you more. If you do not, I ſhall deſire you to keep the directions private, and not to make uſe of ſir William Temple's name. He is of opinion that the beſt and readieſt way to compile a good General Hiſtory of England will be to take in all thoſe parts of it which have

already

already been written by any approved and eſteemed authors; and to write nothing new beſides thoſe parts which have not yet been touched by authors of name and eſtimation. And he thinks the variety of the ſeveral hands and ſtyles may render it yet more agreeable to the readers than if it were all written by the ſame pen; which would perhaps be a greater undertaking than any man believes, before he engages in ſuch an attempt. Therefore he thinks, that, after the end of the introduction, and William the Conqueror's reign, the lives of William Rufus, and the ſucceeding kings, to the end of Edward III, may be inſerted as they are written by Daniel *, who is an author of good judgment, and no ill ſtyle. He thinks he has ſeen, many years ago, the life of Richard II, written well, and by a good hand, as he was then informed, though

* Samuel Daniel, eſq; the moſt eminent poet and hiſtorian of his time, poet-laureat to queen Elizabeth, and afterwards one of the grooms of the privy-chamber to the queen-conſort of James I. His hiſtory was firſt publiſhed in 1613.

publiſhed

publiſhed without a name. But this will be your part to inform yourſelves; and if it be ſo, this may ſucceed after Edward III. The lives of Henry IV, V, and VI, muſt of neceſſity be written by a new hand, and will deſerve a very good one, ſince, if well collected and digeſted, though out of common authors, they will compriſe the nobleſt part of the Hiſtory of England. After theſe may ſucceed the lives of Edward IV, Edward V, and Richard III, written, as he remembers, by ſir Thomas More, if they are ſtill extant *. And if ſo, it will be but juſtice to his memory to inſert them, without any alteration, how different ſoever his ſtyle and manner of writing may be from what is in uſe at preſent. The ſame honour will be due to ſir Francis Bacon's Henry VII †, which may ſucceed the other, and

* Sir Thomas More's life of Edward IV, if written, has never been printed. His hiſtories of Edward IV and Richard III, (the latter unfiniſhed) were both printed ſeparately, at London, in 1651.

† Firſt publiſhed in 1622.

be

be followed by lord Herbert's Henry VIII*, but this ought to be abridged, though it will require a very judicious hand to chuſe what part may be left out, without injury to the ſtory. Sir John Hayward's† Edward VI may follow of courſe, but may likewiſe bear ſome abridgment in ſome parts leſs neceſſary.

Queen Mary's life may be drawn out of Hollinſhed, who lived near her time‡, and is more pertinent, or leſs tedious, in that life, than in any of his others. This may be

* Firſt publiſhed in 1649.

† One of the hiſtoriographers of Chelſea-college, and LL. D. His "Life and reign of king Edward "VI" was printed at London in 1630. He alſo publiſhed the "Lives of the three Norman kings of "England, William I, William II, Henry I," and the 1ſt part of the "Life and reign of king Henry "IV." On account of the latter, he was impriſoned (in 1599) by queen Elizabeth.

‡ His "Chronicles" were firſt publiſhed in 1577. "He died," ſays biſhop Tanner, "in 1580."

followed

followed by Camden's Elizabeth *, which may conclude the firſt volume of the General Hiſtory of England †.

* This elaborate work was begun, at the inſtance of lord treaſurer Burleigh, in 1597, and printed in 1625.

† The above plan ſeems in a great meaſure to have been purſued in the "Complete Hiſtory of England," publiſhed in 1706, of which the two firſt volumes were compiled by Mr. Hughes, who alſo wrote the "general preface;" and the third volume, with a "particular preface," was written by Dr. (afterwards biſhop) Kennet, as all the lives above recommended are adopted, with theſe exceptions only: the hiſtory before William the Conqueror is by Milton; that of William I (as well as his ten ſucceſſors) is by Mr. Daniel; the reigns of Richard II, Henry IV, V, and VI, are new-written in Mr. Daniel's method; that of Edward IV is by William [miſprinted John] Habington, eſq; Lond. 1640; the life of Richard III by ſir George Buck, (together with that by ſir Thomas More) is inſerted, and the annals of queen Mary are tranſlated from biſhop Godwin, by Mr. Hughes. Excepting the life of James I, by Arthur Wilſon, eſq; (firſt publiſhed in 1653) all the ſubſequent lives are new-written by Dr. Kennet.

Thus

Thus far Sir William Temple's directions go; and Dunton's ſociety, when they could not take them, becauſe they had not thoſe authors in their own power to print, yet when I was in town, would by no means let me have a copy, unleſs I would promiſe never to communicate them to your party. I wiſh you may make that advantage of them which the others are afraid of, by following their directions. If you do, no man will pretend to equal you, or think by his own labour to ſurpaſs ſo many great authors, who lived near the reigns which they write of, and were ſome of the wiſeſt, the greateſt, or the beſt acquainted with affairs of any in their own time. But if you pretend to make moſt of your hiſtory *de novo*, it will either take up many years doing, or will prove but a ſecond edition of Sir Richard Baker. Some hand of note will take up the method which you ſlight, and then a mercenary pen will never bear a ſecond impreſſion. You will find, by the event, that I gueſs well. I wiſh you a great deal of ſucceſs,

and ſhall be willing to ſee your propoſals, if you ſend any abroad.

I am your friend and ſervant,

THO. SWIFT.

LETTER II.

Mr. JOHN HUGHES to Mr. WATTS*.

DEAR SIR, London, May 30, 1696.

THOUGH nothing could be more acceptable to me than your laſt letter, yet I wiſh you had employed the former part of it on a better ſubject, and not in loading me with compliments as unexpected as un-

* Afterwards the Rev. Iſaac Watts, D. D. He was at this time reſident with his father at Southampton, after having received an academical education at London, under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Rowe. Mr. Watts began to preach in 1698, and in 1702 ſucceeded Dr. Iſaac Chauncy, in his miniſterial office at London, which he held till his death, Nov. 25, 1748. When this letter was written, the author's age was 18, and Mr. Watts's 21.

deſerved.

deſerved. The poiſon is the more dangerous becauſe the leſs ſuſpected, for you have ſhown ſuch an extreme addreſs, that ſeeming to ſay little, you have ſaid all. I thought, after that free confeſſion I have made, your friendſhip would have reſtrained you from tempting my vanity with ſuch unneceſſary praiſes on a trifle I owned myſelf too much inclined to be fond of; nay, to deal freely, I found my infirmity at that time ſo prevailing, that I could hardly perſuade myſelf at firſt that you complimented. But I will leave this ſubject, ſince to be over-obſtinate in refuſing praiſe is not always an argument of modeſty, any more than a man's declaiming againſt himſelf in company, only becauſe he would be contradicted. I give you many thanks for that teſtimony of your gratitude, as you are pleaſed to call it, and though I muſt own it a little incorrect, yet you may believe me, if I tell you that I think it has ſome beauties which deſerve a particular admiration. As for your requeſt, that I would criticiſe on it, I hope you will ex-

cuſe me when I have declared to you, that I have neither judgment nor ill-nature enough for ſuch an undertaking. Perhaps too there is a grain of policy in the caſe, and I am unwilling to deſtroy the good opinion you ſeem to have of my abilities, by putting me on ſuch an attempt. In hopes that you will not, on your part, neglect this paper correſpondence between us, nor fail to make me an expected return, I here ſend you ſome verſes that were written ſome time ago, and given, together with a drawing, to a lady who is a great admirer of thoſe two ſiſter-arts. I ſhould perhaps diſcover too much of my vanity, if I ſhould tell you, that, in ſome of the lines, I have imitated the incomparable Waller; but a little ambition, you know, is neceſſary to poets, and though I have reaſon enough to expect the fame ſucceſs, that Horace propheſies of the imitators of Pindar, yet I have ſometimes been inclined to fancy the deſign, and ſome of the verſes, particularly the ſix laſt, not altogether unlike him.

VERSES

VERSES preſented to a LADY with a drawing (by the author) of CUPID.

When generous Dido in diſguiſe careſs'd
This god, and fondly claſp'd him to her breaſt,
Soon the ſly urchin ſtorm'd her tender heart,
And amorous flames diſpers'd through every part.
In vain ſhe ſtrove to check the new-born fire,
It ſcorn'd her weak eſſays, and roſe the higher:
In vain from feaſts and balls relief ſhe ſought,
The Trojan youth alone employ'd her thought:
Yet fate oppos'd her unrewarded care,
Forſaken, ſcorn'd, ſhe periſh'd in deſpair.

No ſuch event, fair nymph, you need to fear,
Smiles, without darts, alone attend him here;
Weak and unarm'd, not able to ſurpriſe,
He waits for influence from your conqu'ring eyes.
Heaven change the omen then, and may this prove
A happy prelude to ſucceſsful love!

LETTER III.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. WATTS.

DEAR SIR, London 1697.

I CANNOT eaſily ſignify to you with what eagerneſs I ſnatch this occaſion of making

king the moſt unfeigned acknowledgments, for the many obligations you have been pleaſed to lay upon me; a duty which your modeſty would never permit me to do in your preſence, and which my gratitude, the beſt quality I can boaſt, will not let me omit, now I have you at this advantage.

I know you are in pain, for fear I am preparing for you a banquet of your own praiſes, a food which moſt other people can devour very heartily, and be in no danger of a ſurfeit; and had I any quarrel againſt you, I would not deſire a better revenge, and yet would ſay nothing that ſhould look the leaſt like flattery; ſo that you are now wholly at my mercy, and in no capacity of defending yourſelf, or putting by my paſſes; but ſince you cannot think me ignorant of what is ſo well known to all your friends, and ſince too you may gather, by what I have ſaid, with reference to one perfection, your modeſty, how well I am acquainted with all the reſt,

reſt, I will take pity on you, and forbear ſo agreeable a ſubject. See here, Sir, what a command you have over me, when I dare not ſo much as offer you your own, leſt I diſpleaſe you; but am forced to make even this an inſtance of the eſteem I have for you, that I will not tell you how great it is. I give you many thanks for your witty and diverting letter; you need not have uſed arguments to perſuade me that the characters you have drawn in it are true copies of nature, for in requital I could ſend you ſome of another hue, that have fallen within the circle of my obſervation, monſters ſo hideous and deformed, that, drawn by a poet, they would be thought no leſs extravagant than the thunder-defying hero * of Statius before the walls of Thebes. Fools indeed (of whom you complain) are a very troubleſome ſort of inſects; but they only buzz about your ears, and never bite deep; the villain is the beaſt of prey, that leaps upon you from his den, and tears you in pieces. Theſe are the

* Capaneus.

proper

proper objects of rage, the others of contempt; and this perhaps makes the difference between the ſatires of Horace and Juvenal, for the firſt of them only rallies, but the latter declaims. Do you think you could poſſeſs your ſoul in patience, if you had to do with a fellow, who, under the veil of a moſt unſuſpected affection, ſhould be carrying on a plot for your ruin? Who ſhould make uſe of all the moſt endearing acts of friendſhip, only to caſt a blind before your eyes, and procure all opportunities to make you a ſacrifice to his intereſt or revenge? The footpad, like an honeſt rogue, bluntly bids you—"Stand and de-"liver!" but ſome there are who will careſs and embrace you, whilſt their thoughts are employed to ſwallow down your eſtate, if not cut your throat; and, if they do it but cleverly, and with ſome addreſs, ſo as not to fall within the letter of the law, they wipe their mouths and pronounce themſelves harmleſs;—"O villain! vil-"lain! ſmiling villain!"—Think not that I am writing at random, for I aſſure you,

I have

I have an original in my eye, after which I make this picture: innumerable others there are of the ſame black liſt, but with different degrees of deformity: to be particular, there is the phyſician, who purges you into a ſkeleton with his poiſonous doſes, and calculates the time of your cure by the number of his fees; the man of ſtatutes and reports, who practiſes on your eſtate as the other does on your health;—

Sir, quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wiſh, and need not ſhame
The proudeſt man alive to claim,
For if it be ſo as you ſay,
Marry, quoth I, you've got the day!

Hudibras.

And yet, perhaps, as ſoon as you are gone, he takes gold of your adverſary to betray your cauſe. There are your ſtateſmen too, who live like fleas by ſucking the blood of the body politic: and here indeed the ſtreams of corruption, that run through all our public offices, were a large field for

ſatire; for if all be true that an honeſt bold fellow tells us in a late pamphlet, I do not believe Rome was worſe, when Jugurtha ſaid, that "the city itſelf would be ſet to "ſale, could they hear of a purchaſer." It were endleſs to enumerate all the particular ſpecies of rogues; both court and camp are filled with them, and at the Exchange every day at two you may meet them in ſwarms. In ſhort, to ſay no more, 'tis a fooliſh and villainous world, and ſo let us rub through it as well as we can, remembering only, that ſome degrees of compliance are requiſite to carry us on ſmoothly. There is an honeſt ſort of hypocriſy, that is the allowed language of all mankind, and this is no other than a general courteſy of behaviour, which will not ſuffer us to ſpeak truth at all times, and in all places. Therefore we muſt not be more honeſt than wiſe, unleſs we are willing to be kicked about the world like foot-balls, that are ſuffered to ſtay with nobody. In the mean time, I think myſelf happy in one whom I

dare

dare call my friend, as I hope you will believe, on the other hand, that I am

Yours ſincerely, and without reſerve,

J. H.

LETTER IV.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. SAMUEL SAY *.

DEAR MR. SAY, London, Nov. 6, 1697.

I MUST confeſs that I took it ſomewhat unkindly to be ſo long neglected by an in-

* This gentleman, (then reſident at Lyminge in Kent,) after having been ſome years paſtor of a diſſenting congregation at Ipſwich, ſucceeded Dr. Calamy in Weſtminſter, in the year 1733. Soon after his death, which happened April 12, 1743, ſeveral of his poems, and two eſſays in proſe, were publiſhed in one volume quarto, by ſubſcription. The latter, one of which is "on the harmony, variety, and power "of numbers in general," and the other "on thoſe "of Paradiſe Loſt in particular," have been much admired by perſons of taſte and judgment. His only daughter is married to Mr. Toms, a diſſenting miniſter at Hadleigh in Suffolk.

timate friend, and one for whom I always had a more than ordinary eſteem; but it is not ſo enormous a crime but I can pardon you on condition that you will ſtand bound to your good behaviour for the future. And now perhaps by the date of mine you will think that I deſign to be even with you; I hope that conjecture will vaniſh, when I tell you that I came laſt week out of the country. But, ceremony apart, I give you my hearty thanks for your ingenious paraphraſe, in which you have ſo generouſly reſcued the noble pſalmiſt out of the butcherly hands of Hopkins and Sternhold. Yet at the ſame time you have drawn a bill upon me, which I fear I muſt be forced to pay as they do exchequer-notes, that is, at ſo much diſcount. However, I hope I have to do with a merciful creditor, who will be willing to compound the debt; and for the coin, I aſſure you 'tis the very choiceſt of my bags. To leave this metaphorical ſtrain, you have here ſomething * in imitation of

* Horace, book 1, ode 22. See it in Mr. Hughes's "poems," vol. i, p. 113.

an

an author with whom I am endeavouring daily to grow more acquainted; and I cannot, without ingratitude, omit this occaſion of owning, that, if I have yet attained any true taſte of him, it is in a great meaſure owing to your judicious converſation, of which I am now ſo unhappily deprived. Such as it is, the ode is yours, for I tranſlated it purpoſely for your ſake, and I have had ſuch a reſpect to your judgment, that I have omitted no care to make it as perfect as I am able, and I am ſure you cannot in reaſon expect more from me. I ſhould be very glad if in your next you will tell me the faults I have committed, for it is the firſt time I have attempted the Pindarical way. Miſtake not this for a compliment, for as you are one on whoſe judgment I can rely, ſo I declare to you that you cannot do me a more friendly office. Amalaſont * is not yet upon the ſtage, but I ſuppoſe will be this winter; I am glad you continue to

* Queen of the Goths, a tragedy, ſtill in manuſcript, written by Mr. Hughes, at the age of 19.

think

think ſo favourably of it, I mean with reſpect to its morals, for I am clearly of Monſ. Rapin's opinion, that "the reputa-"tion of being an honeſt man is to be pre-"ferred to that of a good poet." I am,

Sir, your real friend
and humble ſervant,
J. HUGHES.

*LETTER V.

Mr. SAY to Mr. HUGHES.
On the publication of the "Court of "Neptune"*.

DEAR SIR, Jan. 11, 1699.

I AM pleaſed to find that you always make choice of worthy objects for your

* This poem, which is addreſſed to Charles Montagu, eſq; (afterwards lord Halifax,) was written on king William's return from Holland two years after the peace of Ryſwick. Though it was, at the time, much admired for the verſification, the muſical flow of

muſe, and take it as an omen of ſomething greater to follow. Virgil, in his Bucolics, preluded to his Æneid, and firſt ſung the praiſes of Auguſtus in eclogues, or copies of verſes, before he attempted an heroic poem. I am ſatisfied by this ſpecimen, that you will never deſcend into the rank of thoſe little ſouls, who make it their buſineſs only to pleaſe, and have no other way to do that, but by flattering men in their vices and immoralities. Virtue, I am ſure, is moſt for the intereſt of mankind, and thoſe poets have ever obtained the moſt honour in the world, who have made that the end and deſign of their works. A wanton Sappho, or Anacreon, among the ancients, never had the ſame applauſe as a Pindar or Alcæus; nor, in the judgment of Horace, did they deſerve it. In the opinion of all poſterity, a lewd and debauched Ovid did juſtly ſubmit to the

of the numbers is its leaſt praiſe; it rather deſerves to be valued for the propriety and boldneſs of the figures and metaphors, and the delightful machinery.

Preface to Mr. Hughes's "poems," p. vi.

worth

worth of a Virgil; and in future ages, a Dryden will never be compared to a Milton. In all times and in all places of the world, the moral poets have been ever the greateſt, and as much ſuperior to others in wit, as in virtue. Nor does this ſeem difficult to be accounted for, ſince the dignity of their ſubjects naturally raiſed their ideas, and gave a grandeur to their ſentiments.——

S. SAY.

LETTER VI.

Mr. HUGHES to JONATHAN SMITH, Eſq;*

DEAR SIR, London, June 19, 1702.

I AM extremely concerned to hear of the unfortunate accident that has befallen you †;

* Of Ince Grice, (now called Ingreſs) near Greenhithe, Kent.

† Mr. Smith had juſt broken his leg by a fall from his horſe. Some verſes on his marriage, in 1708, are added in the "appendix."

for

for I can truly ſay, and hope to be believed, that, next to your relations, I do not think you have any friend who is more ſincerely intereſted for your welfare than myſelf. Misfortunes of this nature will ſometimes happen in ſpite of the greateſt care in the world; and when they do, it is the greateſt happineſs to be well armed with patience, and to be able (as all wiſe men are) ſome way or other to make our advantage of them: and though it is experience purchaſed at a very dear rate, yet when a man has paid the price for it, it would be very hard if he ſhould not gain ſomething at leaſt. Knowledge and wiſdom are properly enough ſaid to be often born of affliction, an offspring painful in the birth, but of the moſt valuable poſſeſſion. Indeed the reaſonings of philoſophers and divines are very idle to one who is in the extremity of pain: but when he is come to himſelf, and at leiſure for reflection, ſuch ſevere admonitions as yours was, do of themſelves preach to him, and offer him rules of prudence: they require him to uſe caution againſt all ſuch

ills as may be avoided, and to be prepared againſt ſuch as cannot. They teach him to value himſelf aright; and ſince he finds his body ſubject to a thouſand accidents, to turn his care rather to the noble entertainment and improvement of his mind; to purſue the pleaſures of a rational being, which conſiſt in wiſdom, virtue, and good ſenſe, and to ſtand up with bravery and reſolution, and anſwer the great end of his creation. All this may be done without a man's turning hermit, or forſwearing his innocent pleaſures or diverſions, without forſaking company, or, when he is in it, appearing moroſe or preciſe. It will not make him awkward, unfaſhionable, or ſtiff: on the contrary, it will accompliſh him, and make him polite; and I will venture to ſay, that it will not only make him a better man, but a finer gentleman too. I find, Sir, that I am betrayed into a long letter before I was aware: perhaps I have been too officious and talkative; but you will pardon me, ſince I have been only repreſenting to you what I ſuppoſe may have been your own

thoughts

thoughts on this occaſion. I am very glad to underſtand that you are in a good way of recovery: I hoped to have been with you before this time, but I have chains that hold me here ſtill, and will not be broken. As ſoon as I can poſſibly get free, I will haſten down to you, with eagerneſs and affection, to pay the acknowledgments of, Sir,

Yours, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

*LETTER VII.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. SAY.

SIR, December 26, 1702.

I HAVE incloſed what I mentioned to you when I ſaw you laſt. That incomparable ode which Horace has addreſſed to his friend Groſphus, I have choſen to preſent to one of the beſt of my friends, in as good an Engliſh dreſs as I am capable of

giving it *. The original is one of thoſe pieces, in which Horace has ſhewn himſelf ſo great a maſter of human life, and given us at once a view of his good ſenſe and good humour. And this addreſs is uſual to him; for in the graveſt of his odes he does not ſeem to make his remarks on life like a pedant, to give you a diſtaſte to it, or to fright you from pleaſure, but to invite you to the true enjoyment of it; and thus far he was certainly right, though in the choice of his pleaſures he was often irregular. In this, as well as in all other reſpects, his moral odes are greatly ſuperior to the choruſſes in Seneca's tragedies; for, in the firſt, you have the free and unaffected morality of a gentleman, but in the latter the ſplenetic air of a ſevere Stoic. This ode has been tranſlated before, more than once; but whether well or ill, let others judge; I ſhall only ſay, that I have ſeen very few tranſlations of Horace that pleaſe me; for moſt have copied only his thoughts, with-

* See it in Mr. Hughes's "poems," vol. i, p. 116.

out

out any of his diction, which is his principal beauty: 'tis that vivacity in his ſtyle, and particularly in his epithets, which Petronius Arbiter calls a *curioſa felicitas**, and in which no man ever (in my opinion) reſembled him ſo much as Petronius himſelf, whoſe proſe is as inimitable as Horace's poetry. Indeed in the time of pope Urban VIII (who was a poet himſelf) Caſimire, a Polander and a Jeſuit, wrote ſeveral odes in imitation of Horace, in which there appears a good genius; but his Latin is not pure; and beſides the diſadvantages of a dead language, he is defective in judgment, and his fancy is not well-governed. Thoſe who have ſucceeded beſt in their attempts on Horace in Engliſh, have choſen the way of paraphraſe as the moſt proper, for his ſenſe is cloſe-wrought, and would appear ſtiff and obſcure in a literal tranſlation (if ſuch

* This expreſſion (however celebrated) is ſurely a very unclaſſical inverſion, for it ought to have been called the "happy carefulneſs" of Horace, rather than his "careful happineſs."

Warton's Eſſay on Pope, p. 175.

a one

a one could be made) and there are many good hints in him worth the purſuing. None have pretended to copy his numbers; for the Pindaric, which ſeems the fitteſt for us, and gives us a greater liberty and variety, does not anſwer the Latin meaſures. Yet I remember, I once ſaw an attempt to write Engliſh Sapphics, (but it was never printed,) and ſir Philip Sidney has compoſed hexameters, and other verſes, after the Latin meaſure, but they are unnatural to our language, for this reaſon chiefly, becauſe we abound ſo much in monoſyllables. The Sapphic meaſure is indeed very muſical, and what Horace ſeems beſt to have practiſed, but it ſeems too ſoft, and fit only to be employed on love, and pleaſant eaſy ſubjects; it is too much confined, like the uſual meaſure of our ſongs; and the lofty ſenſe of ſome of his odes ſoars above it. Our Engliſh Pindaric is undoubtedly more majeſtic, and the various length and ſhortneſs of the lines, as well as the mixture and returns of the rhyme, well-choſen; and therefore, as I ſaid before, it is the moſt

proper

proper for ſuch odes as have any thing of the ſublime in them. I wonder Horace did not introduce ſomething like it into his language, being ſo great an admirer of Pindar, and having, in other reſpects, imitated him ſo finely, notwithſtanding his declaration, (*Pindarum quiſquis*, &c.) that Pindar was inimitable; in which ode he commends him in theſe words;

Laureâ donandus Apollinari,
Seu per audaces nova dithyrambos
Verba devolvit, numeriſque fertur
Lege ſolutis. Lib. iv, ode 2.

Thus tranſlated by Mr. Cowley,

So Pindar does new words and figures roll
Down his impetuous dithyrambic tide,
Which in no channel deigns t' abide,
Which neither banks nor dykes controul.

But this does not anſwer to the *numeris lege ſolutis*, by which Horace means only, that Pindar's numbers were unlimited, and not confined to any ſet meaſure, in thoſe odes that

that were called dithyrambic, which had the moſt heat and fury, being firſt invented in honour of Bacchus. And, methinks, Horace might ſometimes have attempted this dithyrambic meaſure, eſpecially in that ode, *Quo me Bacche, rapis*, &c.

But to return to the ode which I have here endeavoured to imitate: I have taken a liberty in the paraphraſe; the firſt ſtanza is added, and a ſimile or two; but nothing more than what is agreeable to his ſenſe, and what I thought would make him appear to the beſt advantage. Such as it is, Sir, I ſubmit it entirely to your judgment, ſince it was firſt attempted for your pleaſure. 'Tis upon an agreeable ſubject, "tranquillity"; and if it fails giving you any entertainment, I will readily acknowledge it to be my own fault; for I know you to be maſter of ſo much ſenſe, ſo good a taſte, and ſuch juſt notions of human life, that, I am ſure, Horace muſt pleaſe you, if he be not murdered in an ill tranſlation. You may perceive, Sir, that as I cannot think

think the time long which I ſpend in your company, ſo neither can I think a letter long which I am writing to you; but I may be tempted to treſpaſs upon you in one, as well as the other; therefore I will do, as perſons ſhould after a tedious viſit, uſe a ſhort ceremony, and withdraw.

I am, Sir, your very humble ſervant,

J. HUGHES.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. HUGHES to the Counteſs Dowager of DONEGALL *.

MADAM,

I SHOULD have ventured to write to your ladyſhip ſooner, to expreſs my con-

* This lady (the only daughter and heireſs of John Itchingham, of Dunbrody in the county of Wexford, eſq; who was firſt married to Arthur, ſecond earl of Donegall, and who was now the wife of Richard Rooth, eſq; of Epſom) had juſt loſt three of her

cern for the melancholy occaſion of this, and I believe, many other letters, if I had not been fearful of increaſing your trouble, and thought it greater reſpect to forbear while it was new. Yet though I have had much affliction of my own, by my father's having been dangerouſly ill above three weeks, and continuing yet very weak, I have not been without a juſt ſenſe of your ladyſhip's, who, by your exceeding goodneſs to others, are entitled to all the returns of ſympathy they can expreſs; and I am ſure, I ſhall always think myſelf concerned for whatever befalls a family for which I have a very great honour, though a ſtranger to that part of it in which it has pleaſed GOD to make ſo ſad a breach. It would be a very great ſatisfaction to me, if I thought that any thing I could offer,

grand children, ladies Jane, Frances, and Henrietta Chicheſter, by a fire at Belfaſt in Ireland. She conſtantly kept two anniverſary faſts; the one on the day when this calamity happened; the other on the day when her firſt huſband was killed at the ſiege of Barcelona. Her ladyſhip died in 1743.

joined

joined with the better aſſiſtance of thoſe who are more capable, could afford your ladyſhip any conſolation in your ſorrow; which, though it has a very great cauſe, might have been much more aggravated, if Providence had not in mercy ſpared more than half the family * to be remaining comforts. And though I am very ſenſible of how little force reaſon is againſt the ſentiments of nature, yet your ladyſhip is ſo good a chriſtian as to be capable of a better aid from that excellent religion, whoſe peculiar privilege it is to afford a ſovereign remedy for the worſt of evils by the principle it teaches, that all events are ordered by a wiſe and good Being, who always knows and intends what is beſt for us, and will make every thing promote it, if we are not wanting to ourſelves. And ſince we are not left to chance, and know that the author of our lives has made them equally liable to outward accidents as to inward diſeaſes and decays, and that he has a right

* The earl had two ſons and two daughters left.

to take back what he gave, in ſuch a manner as he thinks fit, I ſubmit it to your ladyſhip's conſideration, whether any ſort of death, how extraordinary ſoever, can be properly called unnatural, or any life ſaid to be cut ſhort which has meaſured its appointed length; and infinite wiſdom only knows whether the continuance of our friends lives would always prove for their or our happineſs, even when we moſt paſſionately deſire it.

This I could not but mention, and if your ladyſhip is not partial to your grief, you will attend to theſe arguments of reſignation, with which your own mind can better furniſh you than what I can write. I pray GOD comfort your ladyſhip, and that honourable perſon who is the more immediate ſufferer.

I am, with the greateſt reſpect and ſincereſt wiſhes for your ladyſhip's health and that of your whole family, madam,

Your ladyſhip's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER IX.

JEFFREY GILBERT, Eſq;* to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR,

I HAVE conſidered your Polyxena†, and I think it as fine a ſubject to move terror

* Barriſter at law, and afterwards lord chief baron of the exchequer, firſt in Ireland, and then in England. This gentleman (among other things) was author of "an abridgment of Mr. Locke's Eſſay on "human underſtanding," publiſhed in 1750, by Mr. (now Dr.) Dodd, and of an excellent tranſlation of the 12th ode of the iid book of Horace, printed (without a name) in "the wits Horace," p. 67.

† There is a manuſcript tragedy on this ſubject, entitled "The Captive Princeſs," written by Dr. Smith, (afterwards one of the chief phyſicians to the Czarina) in which are ſome fine ſcenes. Of this writer and his work, Dr. Johnſon, in his "Life of "Savage," gives the following account: "Mr. "Smith, a gentleman educated at Dublin, being "hindered by an impediment in his pronunciation "from engaging in orders, for which his friends de-

"ſigned

and compaſſion in an audience as any I have read; and to make her more ſo, I

" ſigned him, left his own country, and came to " London in queſt of employment, but found his " ſolicitations fruitleſs, and his neceſſities every day " more preſſing. In this diſtreſs he wrote 'a tragedy,' " and offered it to the players, by whom it was re- " jected. Thus were his laſt hopes defeated, and he " had no other proſpect than that of the moſt deplo- " rable poverty. But Mr. Wilks thought his per- " formance, though not perfect, at leaſt worthy of " ſome reward, and therefore offered him a benefit. " This favour he improved with ſo much diligence, " that the houſe afforded him a conſiderable ſum, " with which he went to Leyden, applied himſelf to " the ſtudy of phyſic, and proſecuted his deſign with " ſo much diligence and ſucceſs, that when Dr. " Boerhaave was deſired by the Czarina to recommend " proper perſons to introduce into Ruſſia the practice " and ſtudy of phyſic, Dr. Smith was one of thoſe " whom he ſelected. He had a conſiderable penſion " ſettled on him on his arrival, and was afterwards " one of the chief phyſicians at the Ruſſian court." P. 16, note.

A grateful letter from Dr. Smith to Mr. Wilks, on this occaſion, with ſome account of his manner of living in Ruſſia, may be ſeen in Chetwood's " Hiſ- " tory of the Stage."

ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe you deſign to repreſent her as a pattern of virtue and good ſenſe; for theſe will be great aggravations of her calamity.

And yet I would not behold a calamitous perſon, if I could help it, without being able to account for it to Divine Providence. This I think may be done in the caſe of Hecuba, if ſhe, in the ſecond ſcene of the firſt act, in bewailing the misfortunes of her family, ſhall be made to acknowledge the injuſtice of the rape of Helen, the injuſtice of deſtroying Achilles during a truce and the overtures for a marriage between him and Polyxena. May not Hecuba acknowledge, that Priam made the guilt of theſe acts his own, by not repairing Menelaus's firſt injury, and by not delivering up the murderer of Achilles, though he was his own ſon, but protecting him from the juſtice of the Grecians? May not Hecuba be made to acknowledge her own part of this injuſtice, in not conſenting, at leaſt, to the laſt reparation? I think, even princes may be brought to confeſs their faults

faults in adverſity, though they are gods, and without fault, in their proſperity. And ſuch a confeſſion and repentance ſhall very much reconcile the benevolence of an audience, though perhaps it will not be thought a ſufficient atonement in ſtrict juſtice. I ſuppoſe you deſign to make Hecuba die, either by her own hand, or ſome other way; and the guilt I have mentioned will be ſufficient to juſtify her death.

If this conduct ſhall be obſerved, there can be no doubt concerning the juſtice of Hecuba's death, ſince the univerſal law is, *He that ſheddeth man's blood, by man ſhall his blood be ſhed*; and whoever ſhall protect a murderer, makes the guilt his own.

Hecuba, in this caſe, cannot but move terror in the audience. Nothing can take off more from the aggravation of Hecuba's guilt, than that the murderer whom ſhe hath endeavoured to protect, was her own ſon. Though princes ought to do equal juſtice, yet it is very hard for them to put

off

off natural affection; and eſpecially for a woman to lay aſide the mother, that juſtice may be done upon her own ſon; and yet her not doing this is her whole guilt, for which, from a great queen, ſhe is reduced to the condition of a ſlave, and has been ſo unfortunate as to have had her nineteen children, her whole number, deſtroyed; many of them before her face; her huſband too killed; her capital city burnt to aſhes; and nothing left her but to obey the conqueror. If ſuch a puniſhment, for ſuch an offence, will not ſtrike terror into an audience, nothing can. Will not every one be ready to reaſon thus with himſelf? "Can I be too careful not to offend, if, "for the leaſt offence, Hecuba ſhall exact "ſo ſevere a vengeance?"

At the ſame time, Hecuba muſt needs be a great object of compaſſion. So many calamities, for a crime of which every one is ready to acquit her for the ſake of the circumſtances, muſt make her go lamented off the ſtage.—Every one that beholds her

calamities will be ready to make them his own.

Polyxena will be yet a greater object of compaſſion than Hecuba, ſince you are reſolved not only to allow her good ſenſe, but alſo innocence, and other perſonal virtues. But as far as is conſiſtent with theſe excellent qualities, I believe you will think fit to make her die with juſtice. If, with ſo much merit, ſhe ſhall be made to die unjuſtly, this, inſtead of terror, will be the way to drive the audience to deſpair. Every one will be ready to ſay to himſelf, "What advantage is there of virtue or in-"nocence, if misfortunes attend alike the "innocent and the guilty? if the greateſt "malefactor ſhall be in no more danger, "than the moſt virtuous perſon upon "earth."

This may be taken care of, ſince *the ſins of the fathers are viſited upon the children to the third and fourth generation.* This is *Di-*

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vine Juſtice *; at leaſt, it will be thought good *Poetical Juſtice*. It is notorious, that

* This text, however, muſt be explained with ſome reſtrictions, as otherwiſe the ſcriptures will not be reconcileable with themſelves, or with the ideas of divine juſtice. In this and ſimilar paſſages therefore the Almighty muſt be underſtood as ſpeaking to his people in a collective capacity, conſidered as a government or ſociety; and again, when in other parts of ſcripture, he aſſures the Jews that "the ſon ſhall "not bear the iniquities of his father, &c. but the "ſoul that ſinneth, it ſhall die," he there appeals to men conſidered as individuals, or ſeparate members of ſociety, whom God never puniſhes but for their own tranſgreſſions. For inſtance, When God, by his prophet, reproves the Jews for uſing this proverb, "Our fathers have eaten ſour grapes, and the "childrens teeth are ſet on edge," and ſays, "that "they ſhall never have occaſion to uſe it again," this could be meant of individuals only, becauſe, as a ſociety, the Jews had occaſion to uſe it both before and ſince. Before, in the reign of Joſiah, who, righteous as he was, could not avert the wrath which the crimes of Manaſſeh had kindled: and ſince, at the ſiege of Jeruſalem, in their preſent diſperſion, &c. And the reaſon of it is this: nations, as ſuch, will not ſubſiſt in the other world, and therefore the crimes which nations have committed, in their collective capacity, muſt be puniſhed in this world, or not at all.

a whole people ſhall ſometimes be deſtroyed for the crimes of their princes. This is evident in the deſtruction of Troy itſelf; and certainly it is much more reaſonable that the children of thoſe offending princes ſhould be deſtroyed; that theſe ſhould ſuffer in their neareſt and deareſt relations. This is enough to abate the confidence of the moſt meritorious perſon upon earth; for who can tell, how much ill his father or mother may have deſerved for him? This is enough to make every man place a ſtrict guard over all his own actions, that at leaſt he himſelf may not deſerve the vengeance of heaven upon himſelf and his own children. If this conſideration ſhall engage a man in the purſuit of virtue, and keep him innocent in his own perſon, he will eſteem all the miſeries of human life, and even death itſelf, as only the payment of a debt to nature, and not a puniſhment. The conſciouſneſs of his own innocence will make him ſubmit with patience to every calamity that can befall him.

Why may not Hecuba, when ſhe has bewailed the miſeries of her family, be made to talk in this manner?

" Yet ſtill the gods have preſerved Poly-
" dore and Polyxena, to alleviate thy miſ-
" fortunes. And why, Hecuba, to alle-
" viate thy misfortunes? Has Priam loſt
" his empire, and ſo many ſons and daugh-
" ters, for countenancing the rape of Paris?
" Did he at laſt loſe his own life for pro-
" tecting this very Paris, and not ſurren-
" dering him to the Grecians for the mur-
" der of Achilles, during the time of truce,
" contrary to the faith of a treaty, and
" while a marriage was ſolemniſing between
" him and Polyxena? And didſt not thou
" alſo, Hecuba, concur in protecting thy
" ſon from juſtice after that barbarous mur-
" der? What then has Priam deſerved,
" that thou haſt not deſerved? And why
" ſhouldeſt thou expect a leſs puniſhment
" than he ſuffered? Or if thou ſhalt be ſuf-
" fered to live, will not life itſelf be thy
" greateſt puniſhment? With what com-

" fort

" fort canſt thou reflect upon the misfor-
" tunes of thy family, the loſs of empire,
" of ſo many ſons and daughters, and, laſtly,
" of thy huſband? How wilt thou endure
" to ſee the chaſte, the virtuous Polyxena,
" forced to the bed of Ulyſſes, and
" treated with perpetual ſcorn and inſults
" by Penelope? But Ulyſſes has promiſed
" that thou ſhalt be to him inſtead of a
" mother, and that Polyxena ſhall be the
" wife of his Telemachus. But perhaps
" theſe are promiſes to allure us to ſurvive
" the ruin of our family, and which are
" not likely to be performed, when we ar-
" rive at Ithaca. But if theſe are deluſive
" promiſes, Ulyſſes will at leaſt conſent to
" our ranſom; and hither, to this very
" court of Polymeſtor, my youngeſt, and
" now my only ſon, Polydore, was ſent by
" Priam with an immenſe treaſure, while
" yet Troy was in being, that he might be
" able to aſſiſt his family upon any misfor-
" tune. O Hecuba! theſe laſt, theſe only
" hopes will fail. The gods intend no
" good to thee. Yet why more evils to
" Polyxena?

" Polyxena? Is ſhe to ſuffer too for the
" crimes of Paris? Did ſhe conſent to
" the rape of Helen, or the murder of
" Achilles?"

And why may not Polyxena reply as follows?

" Though I did not indeed conſent to
" the rape of Helen, or the murder of
" Achilles, am I ſecure from the wrath of
" heaven? Have the gods deſtroyed inno-
" cent ſubjects for the offences of their
" princes, and ſhall not the guilty princes
" themſelves be puniſhed in the deſtruction
" of their deareſt relations? Is Troy now
" in aſhes, and the whole people maſſacred,
" becauſe the father and mother prevailed
" for the protection of a ſon? And ſhall the
" ſons and daughters of Priam and Hecuba
" eſcape? Are ſo many of my brothers and
" ſiſters deſtroyed for this cauſe? And can
" Polydore and Polyxena hope to be ex-
" empted from the ſame calamity? It was
" not Hecuba, no, nor Priam, who ra-

" viſhed

" viſhed Helen from Menelaus ; they did
" not murder Achilles at the holy altar ;
" they only protected the raviſher and mur-
" derer from juſtice : he was their ſon, and
" nature pleaded ſtrongly in his defence.
" Yet what dreadful calamities have they
" ſuffered on his account ? How many of
" my brothers and ſiſters have died in this
" quarrel ? What vaſt numbers of innocent
" ſubjects have been maſſacred ? And can
" I and Polydore hope to eſcape ? Perhaps
" the vengeance of the gods may ſtop here ;
" perhaps Ulyſſes will perform his promiſe,
" and I ſhall be the wife of Telemachus :
" but of this be aſſured ; I will never proſ-
" titute myſelf to the unlawful embraces
" of Ulyſſes ; Penelope ſhall never triumph
" over me on this account. If ſhe ſhould,
" I ſhall eſteem every evil that befalls me,
" a juſt puniſhment from the gods for my
" own offences : but, ſo long as I can pre-
" ſerve my innocence and my virtue, I
" ſhall think all the calamities of my life,
" and even death itſelf, to be only the pay-
" ment of a debt of nature ; and, if I muſt

" be

" be miſerable, I will, at leaſt, have this " ſatisfaction, that no other perſon ſhall be " made miſerable by my offences."

What if after this, and before the third ſcene of the firſt act, Ulyſſes be introduced, giving freſh aſſurances of comfort to Hecuba and Polyxena?

What if, in the ſecond ſcene of the ſecond act, Polyxena ſhould confeſs, that Polymeſtor has been making love to her, and that ſhe has not given any encouragement to his ſuit, both on account of her ſuſpicions of his having dealt unfairly by Polydore, and becauſe ſhe will not deal unfairly with Ulyſſes, who has yet given her no reaſon to ſuſpect the affair of Telemachus? Some ſuch reaſon muſt be aſſigned for her refuſing Polymeſtor; otherwiſe, conſidering that Polyxena is in a ſtate of ſlavery, and Polymeſtor a great king, ſhe will be thought too great a fool to raiſe compaſſion. Yet her concluſion may be, that ſhe will keep Polymeſtor in ſuſpence 'till he ſhall produce her brother. —— JEFF. GILBERT.

LETTER X.

THOMAS SERGEANT, Eſq; to Mr. HUGHES.
Part of a letter.

Maldon in Eſſex, April 11, 1709.

—— I AM glad the Abbé St. Reäl diverted you ſo well as you tell me. He was certainly a very agreeable and gallant man, or he had never had the honour of ſerving the late Dutcheſs of Mazarin in the ſame quality that M. St. Evremond afterwards ſucceeded. But for his veracity as a writer of hiſtory, I know there is no depending on him. He pleaſes, and that is his deſign, but I can aſſure you, from a more authentic hiſtorian, Cabrera *, whom he quotes, that Don Carlos † was a quite dif-

* Lewis, of Cordoua, a captain of foot. He wrote the Hiſtory of Philip II, king of Spain.

† Son of Philip II and Mary of Portugal. Being of a violent temper, and having formed a deſign of joining

ferent perſon than what he repreſents him.

I have not yet ſeen nor heard any thing of "Ben Hoadly's reply *." Our friend the *Tatler*, under the notion of Mr. Powell at the Bath †, has, in my mind, entered into the depth of the argument in diſpute,

joining the malecontents in the Low Countries, the king, his father, cauſed him to be apprehended and confined, which ſo enraged him, that, after eating voraciouſly of all that was ſet before him, he ſwallowed a great quantity of cold water, which brought on a dyſentery, that killed him. This is the account given by Moroſini, the Venetian hiſtorian, and agrees with that of Cabrera. The French hiſtorians have confidently aſſerted that he was poiſoned, or ſtrangled, by order of his father. See Pierre Matthieu hiſt. de France, oeuvres de St. Evremond, dict. de Moreri, &c.

* To the biſhop of Exeter's anſwer to his "Con-"ſiderations on his lordſhip's ſermon before the "queen, March 8, 1708-9."

† See a letter from Mr. Powell to Mr. Bickerſtaff, in the "Tatler," vol. 1, numb. 50.

and given a complete anſwer to all that the Rev. Biſhop either can or will ſay upon the ſubject *; and Ben ſhould have referred his lordſhip to be *mumbled*, as he calls it, by Mr. Bickerſtaff, as his lordſhip had threatened him with that uſage, from the worthy author of Timothy and Philatheus †.——

I am, dear Mr. Hughes,
Your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,
THO. SERGEANT.

* The letter-writer here ſeems to allude to ſome peeviſh expreſſions in biſhop Blackall's "anſwer" (from Bath) above-mentioned, viz. "If your reply "ſhall be about 'original contracts, revolutions, &c.' "I tell you plainly, that I 'an't' at leiſure, nor "I 'ſhan't' be at leiſure, nor I 'won't' be at lei- "ſure, to write to you ſo much as one ſingle line "about any ſuch matters."

† The ingenious dialogue here mentioned was entitled "Timothy and Philatheus, in which the prin- "ciples and projects of a late whimſical book, enti- "tled, 'The rights of the chriſtian church, &c.' [by "Dr.

LETTERS XI & XII.

TWO LETTERS (by Mr. HUGHES) deſigned for the TATLER. Now firſt printed.

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

AS you have been very uſeful to the public by your knowledge of human nature, and are doubtleſs no leſs ſkilled in phyſic than in aſtrology, it would not be foreign from your ſtudies if you would, ſome time or other, favour us with a diſſertation on fevers, of which, it ſeems, there are ſo many kinds, that the phyſicians about this town uſually diſcover a new one every year, and eſpecially in the ſpring, when the blood runs high, and the humours are moſt predominant. One of the moſt particular I

" Dr. Tindal] are fairly ſtated and anſwered in " their kinds. Written by a layman." Printed at London in 3 vols. 8vo. 1709. Mr. Oldiſworth was the author.

have

have read of, is that which Lucian deſcribes in the introduction to his "diſcourſe "upon hiſtory," which had a very odd original. It was begun by one Archelaus, a player, who, in the theatre at Abdera, with a loud voice and vehement action, performed a part in the Andromeda of Euripides, which ſtruck the eyes and ears of his audience ſo forcibly, that their blood was put into a ferment by it, and great numbers of them ſeized with fevers. In the height of the diſtemper they fell into a kind of poetical agitations, in which they mimicked Archelaus's action, and repeated the verſes in his part, ſo that in a few days the whole town rung with heroics, till the next fit of cold weather reduced them once more to proſe and their ſenſes.

I have the rather mentioned this remarkable caſe, becauſe I do not find it in any books of the phyſicians, though ſome of them have very learnedly treated on another ſort of fever, cauſed by a little Italian inſect called the Tarantula. Perhaps muſic, which

which is found to be the only remedy for the latter, might have been effectual againſt the other too, and may afford relief in many like caſes: and whether an art which has ſo perſuaſive an influence on the ſpirits, and is able to charm down the intemperance of paſſion, and lull the mind into ſerenity and pleaſure, might not, on ſome occaſions, be made beneficial in the ſtate, and become a public good as well as entertainment, is another ſpeculation which is likewiſe left to your thoughts, when you ſhall think proper, by, Sir,

Your humble ſervant.

MADAM,

MY duty as Cenſor, with my profeſſed care of the tender ſex, and the humour of an old man who is fond of giving advice, are the reaſons why I ſend you this letter.

I am informed by Pacolet (my familiar) that you are one of the moſt amiable of your

your ſex, which gives me much concern for you, eſpecially ſince I underſtand that your conduct is divided and wavering between love and reſpect, and that you want no charm but one, which is that of being fixed, and delivered from the uncertainty of a various inclination. Of two candidates for your favour, by what I can judge, you ſeem to reſolve that one ſhall never have your heart, but not know it; and that the other ſhall know he has it, but not be the better for it.

Though I write to you in ſpectacles, I am not ſo old yet, madam, as to have forgot that this was once my own caſe with a lady, for whom I had ſo great a paſſion, that, after ſhe had given me to underſtand I had her affections, ſhe thought ſhe might uſe me as ſhe pleaſed. And being perſuaded to entertain a man ſhe deſpiſed, ſhe was ſo nicely civil, that, becauſe ſhe hated him, ſhe would not deny him, and knowing ſhe might be free with me, who both loved her, and was beloved by her, ſhe yielded

to

to the importunity of her relations, and married him. By which means I have long continued an unfortunate batchelor, and ſhe a joyleſs wife, with all the cares of a married ſtate, and none of the ſatisfactions.

There is no need to adviſe a woman of your ſenſe what uſe to make of this example, but if it has the weight with you, which I wiſh it may, you will not be at a loſs how to fix your happineſs, and perhaps you may hereafter remember with ſatisfaction

Your faithful monitor,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

LETTER XIII.

M. HUGHES a Signor CAVALIERO NICOLINI.

SIG. CAVALIERO, Tower, le 4me du Fevrier, 1709-10.

DEPUIS que j'ai eu l'honneur d'être chez vous à la repetition de l'opera *, j'ai

* By an inattention to the date of this letter, this rehearſal was ſuppoſed, in the firſt edition, to be

diné avec Mr. Steele, et la converſation roulante ſur vous, je lui dis la maniere obligeante dont je vous avois oui parler de Mr. Bickerſtaff, en diſant que vous aviez beaucoup d' inclination à etudier l'Anglois pour avoir ſeulement le plaiſir de lire le *Tatler*. Il trouve que votre compliment à l' auteur du *Tatler* eſt fort galant.

Et comme je m'eſtimerois heureux de pouvoir vous encourager dans cette incli-

that of Mr. Hughes's "Calypſo and Telemachus." But, on reconſideration, as that opera was not performed till 1712, the opera here meant muſt certainly have been an Italian one. Mr. Addiſon, in the "Spectator" (numb. 405) ſpeaking of the juſt applauſe given to Calypſo by Sig. Nicolini, (who, he ſays, "was the greateſt performer in dramatic muſic "that perhaps ever appeared on a ſtage,") has theſe words: "The town is highly obliged to that excel-"lent artiſt for having ſhewn us the Italian muſic in "its perfection, as well as for that generous appro-"bation he lately gave to an opera of our own coun-"try, in which the compoſer endeavoured to do "juſtice to the beauty of the words, by following "that noble example which has been ſet him by the "greateſt foreign maſters in that art."

nation

nation d' apprendre notre langue, je vous demande la permiſſion de vous faire un preſent du *Miſantrope* * en Anglois, que vous pouvez lire avec l' original; et qu' étant une traduction que j'ai fait moi-même, vous me ferez beaucoup d' honneur d' accepter. Je ſuis ſenſible qu' il ne ſera jamais en mon pouvoir de vous procurer la centieme partie du plaiſir que je reſſens de vous entendre, et de vous connoître. Mais je tâcherai au moins de vous faire voir, que je ſuis, avec tout le reſpect poſſible, Sig. Cavaliero,

Vôtre tres humble
& tres obeiſſant ſerviteur,
J. HUGHES.

* This tranſlation was then juſt publiſhed, and has been ſince reprinted with Moliere's other plays tranſlated by Ozell. But no notice is taken by what hand it was tranſlated, and Mr. Hughes's judicious preface is there omitted.

TRANSLATED.

Mr. HUGHES to Signor NICOLINI.

SIG. CAVALIERO,

SINCE I had the honour of being with you at the rehearſal of the opera, I dined with Mr. Steele, and the converſation turning on you, I mentioned to him the obliging manner in which I had heard you ſpeak of Mr. Bickerſtaff, by ſaying that you had a great inclination to ſtudy Engliſh merely for the pleaſure of reading the *Tatler*. He thinks your compliment to the author of the *Tatler* very polite.

And as I ſhould eſteem myſelf happy in being able to encourage you in this inclination of learning our language, I beg leave to preſent you with the *Miſantrope* in Engliſh; which you may read with the original, and which being a tranſlation of my own, you will do me great honour by accepting it. I am ſenſible that it will never be in

my

my power to give you the hundredth part of the pleaſure which I have felt by hearing and being acquainted with you; but I will endeavour at leaſt to convince you, that I am, with all poſſible reſpect, Sig. Cavaliero,

Your moſt humble
and moſt obedient ſervant,
J. HUGHES.

LETTER XIV.

M. RONER* a M. HUGHES.

MONSIEUR, Ce Mardi, 31 Juillet, 1711.

AYANT reçeu ce matin une lettre de Monſ. Hendel †, j'ai crû ne devoir pas

* This writer was a teacher of muſic, and, among other things, compoſed ſir John Denham's "verſion "of the pſalms."

† This great maſter (who was born at Hall in Upper Saxony, Feb. 24, 1684,) arrived at London in the winter preceding the date of this letter. There cannot be a more eminent proof of Mr. Hughes's acknow-

manquer à vous en communiquer auſſitot un extrait qui vous regarde, et qui eſt une reponſe au compliment dont vous m' aviez bien voulu charger. Je lui ecrirai vendredi prochaine, ainſi vous n'aurez, ſi vous plait, qu' à m' envoyer ce que vous avez deſtiné pour lui; et je puis, Monſieur, vous

acknowledged ſkill in the two ſiſter arts than his being ſo ſoon noticed and diſtinguiſhed by this modern Orpheus, who, probably in conſequence of this introduction, compoſed Mr. Hughes's "Cantata of "Venus and Adonis." Mr. Handel (as he afterwards ſpelt his name) returned to Hanover in the winter following, came back to England in 1712, and fixed his reſidence here for the remainder of his life. His abilities in his profeſſion are univerſally known, and (till "the Goths prevail") will be admired and felt. "In his character," ſays an excellent writer, "whatever there was wrong, there was nothing mean; "though he was proud, his pride was uniform; he "was not by turns a tyrant and a ſlave, a cenſor in "one place, and a ſycophant in another; he maintained his liberty in a ſtate in which others would "have been vain of dependence; he was liberal even "when he was poor, and remembered his former "friends when he was rich." He died April 6, 1759.

aſſurer,

aſſurer, que ſi l' honneur de vôtre ſouvenir lui fait un ſenſible plaiſir, je n'en ſens pas moins par le moyen que j' aurai par là de faciliter votre correſpondence, et de vous donner une preuve de la conſideration extréme, avec laquelle j'ai l' honneur d' être,

Monſieur, vôtre tres humble
& tres obeiſſant ſerviteur,
A. RONER.

LETTER XV.

Extrait de la lettre de M. HENDEL.

— FAITES bien mes complimens à Monſ. Hughes. Je prendrai la liberté de lui ecrire avec la premiere occaſion. S'il me veut cependant honorer des ſes ordres, et d'y ajouter une de ſes charmantes poeſies en Anglois, il me fera le plus ſenſible grace. J'ai fait, depuis que je ſuis parti de vous, quelque progrés dans cette langue, &c. —

TRANS-

TRANSLATED.

Mr. Roner to Mr. Hughes.

SIR, Tuesday, July 31, 1711.

HAVING received this morning a letter from Mr. Hendel, I thought it my duty to ſend you as ſoon as poſſible an extract of it, which relates to you, in anſwer to the compliment which you conveyed by me. I ſhall write to him next Friday, ſo you need only ſend me, if you pleaſe, what you intend for him, and I can aſſure you, Sir, that if the honour of your acquaintance is particularly pleaſing to him, I am no leſs pleaſed with being the means of promoting your correſpondence; and of giving you a proof of the extreme regard, with which I have the honour to be, Sir, &c.

Extract

Extract from Mr. HENDEL's letter.

—— PRESENT my beſt compliments to Mr. Hughes. I will take the liberty of writing to him the firſt opportunity. If, in the mean time, he will honour me with his commands, and add to them one of his charming Engliſh poems, he will lay me nnder the greateſt obligations. Since I left you, I have made ſome progreſs in that language, &c. ——

LETTER XVI.

Mr. STEELE to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, 1711.

MR. Clayton and I deſire you, as ſoon as you can conveniently, to alter this poem*

* "Alexander's feaſt, or the power of muſic, an "ode for St. Cecilia's day." Mr. Steele and Mr. Clayton

for muſic, preſerving as many of Dryden's words and verſes as you can. It is to be performed by a voice well ſkilled in recitative; but you underſtand all theſe matters much better than

Your affectionate humble ſervant,

R. STEELE.

Clayton had at that time concerts of muſic in York-buildings. Agreeably to their requeſt, Mr. Hughes made ſeveral alterations in that admired ode. See his "poems," vol. ii, p. 71. But what his opinion was of the muſic both of that and of "Sappho's ode "by Philips," will appear from the following letter. The honour of doing juſtice to Dryden, as well as to Milton, was reſerved for Handel, who compoſed "Alexander's feaſt" in 1736.

"It is to be regretted," ſays Dr. Warton, in his 'Eſſay on Pope,' "that Mr. Handel has not ſet to "muſic Pope's 'ode' as well as Dryden's." But ſhould it not be obſerved, that that excellent poet, as well as judge of muſic, Mr. Hughes, was the firſt who altered "Alexander's feaſt" for muſic?

"Monthly Review," vol. xiv, p. 549.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. STEELE.

DEAR SIR,

SINCE you have aſked my opinion about the muſic, I take it for granted you would have me give it you; and therefore I will ſhew how faithfully I intend always to obey you, in doing it with a freedom, which I would be loth to uſe to one for whom I had leſs friendſhip, and in whoſe candour and integrity I did not think myſelf ſafe.

I ſhall therefore, without taking any hints from others, juſt give you ſome few obſervations which have occurred to me as well as I could judge upon the firſt hearing.

That which ſeems to me to ſtrike moſt are the prelude-baſes, ſome of which are very well fancied; but I am afraid they are in themſelves too long, eſpecially when re-

peated; for prelude-baſes are only to begin the ſubject of the air, and do not ſhew any compoſition (which conſiſts in the union of parts) ſo that if they are not artfully worked afterwards with the voice-part, they are no proof of ſkill, but only of invention.

The ſymphonies in many places ſeem to me perplexed, and not made to purſue any ſubject or point.

The laſt air of Sappho begins too chearfully for the ſenſe of the words. As well as I can gueſs, without ſeeing the ſcore, it is in D ſharp, from which it varies (in another movement of time) into B flat 3d, and ſo ends, without returning to the ſame key either flat or ſharp. This being one continued air (though in two movements of time) let ſome maſter be aſked, Whether it is allowable (I am ſure, it is not uſual) to begin an air in one key ſharp, and end it in a different key flat? For though the paſſage is natural, the cloſing ſo is, I believe, always diſallowed.

The

The overture of Alexander ought to be great and noble; inſtead of which, I find only a hurry of the inſtruments, not proper (in my poor opinion) and without any deſign, or fugue, and, I am afraid, perplexed and irregular in the compoſition, as far as I have any ideas or experience. Enquire this of better judgments.

The duet of Bacchus is chearful, and has a good effect; but that beginning "*Cupid*, "*Phœbus*," &c. I cannot think, ſhews any art, and is in effect no more than a ſingle air. Nothing ſhews both genius and learning more than this ſort of compoſition, the chief beauty of which conſiſts in giving each voice different points, and making thoſe points work together, and interchange regularly and ſurpriſingly, or one point following itſelf in both the voices, in a kind of canon, as it is called. Theſe artfulneſſes, when well executed, give infinite delight to the ear; but that which I have mentioned is not formed after thoſe deſigns, but where the voices join, they move exactly together

in

in plain counterpoint, which ſhews little more than a ſingle air.

I think the words in general naturally enough expreſſed, and, in ſome places, pathetically: but, becauſe you ſeem to think this the whole myſtery of ſetting, I take this opportunity to aſſure you, that it is as poſſible to expreſs words naturally and pathetically in very faulty compoſition as it is to hit a likeneſs in a bad picture. If the muſic in ſcore, without the words, does not prove itſelf by the rules of compoſition, which relates to the harmony and motion of different notes at the ſame time, the notes in the ſinging parts will not ſuffice, though they expreſs the words ever ſo naturally. This is properly the art of compoſition, in which there is room to ſhew admirable ſkill, abſtracted from the words; and in which the rules for the union of ſounds are a kind of ſyntaxis, from which no one is allowed to err. I do not apply this laſt particular to any thing, but only to give you a general idea of what is compoſition.

ſition. Yet, upon the whole, as far as I am able to judge, the muſic of Sappho and Alexander, though in ſome places agreeable, will not pleaſe maſters.

Having thus given you my thoughts freely and impartially (in which perhaps I may be miſtaken) I will truſt your good ſenſe for the uſe that may be made of this; and I beg it may not prejudice me with Mr. Clayton or yourſelf, and that you will not let him know of this, but only inform yourſelf farther from others, on the hints here given.

I ſhould not, you may be ſure, give you or myſelf this trouble, but that I do not know how far it may concern your intereſt to be rightly informed, which is the only regard I have in ſhewing you this way how much I am,

Sir, yours, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

ALEXANDER BAYNE, Eſq;* to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, Lincoln's Inn, Nov. 20, 1711.

AFTER you left me on Saturday night, I took up the *Spectator* of the Wedneſday before †, which had made a great part of our converſation; and having carefully conſidered it, I am ſtill the more of your opinion, that the letter which he inſerts is not fully anſwered. I am therefore tempted to ſend you ſome thoughts which occurred to me on that ſubject, thinking perhaps they might contain ſome hints which you may poſſibly improve into a proper anſwer to that admirable letter. I could not but take notice, that all he ſays to account for that inconſiſtency in behaviour of thoſe

* Barriſter at law, and afterwards profeſſor of the municipal law in the univerſity of Edinburgh.

† See vol. ii, numb. 222.

gentle-

gentlemen who have the juſteſt notions of life, &c. terminates in telling us, that the flower part of mankind are more immediately formed for buſineſs, which is an interruption to men addicted to delights. Now this can never be brought to bear; for we have innumerable inſtances of men of the greateſt vivacity, and who have the moſt lively taſte of delights, that have ſhewn a great application to buſineſs, as well civil as domeſtic. And if there is any material difference between them and the flower part of mankind in this point, it conſiſts chiefly in this, that the men of a lively, briſk imagination, are apt to make too great haſte in things which require a greater exactneſs, and are more laborious than entertaining. But to find out the ſource of this great evil complained of in the letter, I am very apt to think we muſt go back, and enquire into the meaſures that have been uſed in our education. If we can find it there, it is plain the intention of the letter may be anſwered, which is to apply a proper remedy,

There is nothing more certain and obvious, from common experience, than that the knowledge of rules, and the ready application of them, are two diſtinct things, and attainable by the ſame perſon by different means. The firſt is the object of our intellectual faculties only; but the laſt, or that addreſs or facility of reducing our knowledge into practice, is in a great meaſure mechanical. There is a habitude, attainable only by repeated acts, which renders the execution of any practical thing eaſy, which we ought to be made acquainted with in our youth, by a proper application to ſuch things as are then ſuitable to our capacity, but have ſome analogy with what is to follow, that the habitude may grow up with us, and be gradually directed to more proper objects as we advance in years. Thus it is very conceivable, that an ingenious man, from his own obſervations, may be able to read a fine lecture of oeconomy, but abſolutely unfit to ſhew an example of it in his own perſon, if a careful parent or tutor has not early initiated

him

him into little acts of induſtry, when he laid the firſt foundation of his education.—I only give you here a ſketch of the thought that offered itſelf to me; but if it has any good foundation in reaſon, a very beautiful ſcheme may be drawn from it for education in general. I am, with the greateſt eſteem and friendſhip,

Dear Sir, yours, &c.

AL. BAYNE.

*LETTER XIX.

Mr. W. DUNCOMBE * to Mr. NEEDLER †.

DEAR SIR, London, Dec. 8, 1711.

I Remember that the excellent author of the *Spectator*, having, laſt ſummer, in one

* Younger ſon of John Duncombe, eſq; of Stocks, in Hertfordſhire. He died Feb. 26, 1769, aged 79.

† Of the navy-office, a man of genius and ſcience, piety and virtue. He died in 1718, aged 28. A

of his rural ſpeculations *, given an account of the wonderful ſagacity of ſome animals in things abſolutely neceſſary for the ſupport and preſervation of their ſpecies; as, particularly, that a hen conſtantly turns her eggs, that all parts may partake alike of the genial warmth, and never leaves them till they are cold, being ſeldom abſent above an hour in ſummer, and not ſo long in winter; (to which give me leave to add a particular or two in a parentheſis. She will only ſit upon thoſe that are ſound; for one of my father's ſervants in the country having put ſeveral eggs under a hen beſides her own, ſhe threw two or three of them out of her neſt, which, upon breaking, were found to be rotten. Pidgeons, both male and female, cover their eggs; and if the hen happens to ſtay out longer than ordinary, the cock will

ſmall volume of his works, in verſe and proſe, was collected and publiſhed by Mr. Duncombe, in 1724, of which there have been three editions.

* Vol. ii, numb. 120, by Mr. Addiſon

drive

drive her home); but (to proceed with the *Spectator*) he then obſerves, that, in other things, which are not conducive to this end, they appear perfectly ſtupid; for a hen cannot diſtinguiſh a piece of chalk from an egg, but, if the latter be removed, and the chalk put inſtead of it, will ſtill continue to ſit, and will hatch any other eggs as well as her own; and, after they are hatched, will as carefully protect and cheriſh ducks and partridges, as if they were her natural brood. From all this, he at laſt concludes, that "what we call in-"ſtinct in animals (which appears ſo like "reaſon) is owing to the immediate di-"rection of the ſupreme Being, by ſuch an "operation as that, whereby the ſeveral "portions of matter are determined to their "proper centres; which notion (ſays he) "is delivered in a bolder form of words "by a philoſopher quoted by Mr. Bayle, "*Deus eſt anima brutorum* *."

* "Spectator," vol. ii, numb. 121.

But

But though the foregoing inſtances may ſeem to favour this opinion, yet there are ſo many indications of memory and reflection in brutes about matters not eſſential to their preſervation, that I think it is hard to deny them all manner of reaſon in thoſe particulars; I ſhould chuſe rather, (as you do) to allow them a real ſoul, and rational faculties, inferior to the human. The ſtory * you relate to prove this reminds me of one, which, I think, deſerves to be remembered.

My father had a fierce maſtiff, which uſed to kill all the little dogs he could ſeize on. He had, at the ſame time, a favourite lap-dog, who, happening to fall in Cerberus's way, met with the fate common to thoſe of his ſize. The maſtiff (as conſcious that he had committed a fault) immedi-

* Of a horſe in Portſmouth-yard, who would labour only till he heard the twelve-o'clock-bell ring; but after that, no ſtripes nor blows could force him to proceed.

ately

ately abſconded, and could not be found for ſome time; but as my father was one evening ſtanding at the court-yard gate, he eſpied his maſtiff creeping along by the wall-ſide. Having called him into the court-yard, he ſhut all the doors, and, fetching a horſe-whip, laſhed him ſeverely. The dog at firſt ran round the yard, but finding the doors all ſhut, lay down at his feet, and ſubmitted to his puniſhment without crying. His maſter, when he thought he had ſufficiently chaſtiſed him, opened a door to let him go out; the dog walked ſlowly towards it; he returned, and gave him another laſh, to quicken his pace. At this the dog growled, and, he believes, if he had ſtruck him again, would have flown at him. I need make no reflections on this ſtory, for what I would infer from it is very obvious.

But whether the *Spectator*'s notion about this matter be true or falſe, it is certain this was the opinion of a great many ancient philoſophers; but then they carried it a great

great deal farther, and contended not only that the ſouls of brutes, but even of men too, are nothing but an efflux, or emanation, from the Deity.

Mr. Ralphſon, in one of his Epiſtles *, giving an account of the various opinions concerning the nature of the ſoul, has theſe words: "Remarkable of old was the opi-"nion of thoſe (and it is ſtill embraced by "ſome) that the ſoul is a ray, as it were, "or emanation, of the Deity. Of this opi-"nion formerly were the Stoics, and among "the moderns are ſome enthuſiaſts, whom "it is needleſs to name. Nor do thoſe "philoſophers† deſerve more notice, who "have eſtabliſhed a "common intelli-"gence," or a "ſole univerſal intellect," "which they ſtyle the "Agent," and im-"part it to mankind in proportion to the

* See the Epiſtolæ Miſcellaniæ anexed to Mr. Ralphſon's Demonſtratio de Deo, p. 67.

† This opinion had been then lately maintained by Mr. R. Burthogg, in a Latin epiſtle to Mr. Locke.

"vari-

"various minds and diſpoſitions of their "organs. Similar to this among the mo-"derns are the notions of Spinoſa." He then quotes ſeveral paſſages from Spinoſa in proof of this charge.

The reaſons of my tranſcribing this paſſage are, 1. To deſire you to explain to me the difference between theſe notions; for Mr. R. ſpeaks as of two diſtinct opinions, whereas they ſeem to me to be but one, and the ſame. And, 2. That I might not be thought too ſevere in ſaying, that if lord Shafteſbury be one of thoſe enthuſiaſts, of whom Mr. R. here ſpeaks, and if his "univerſal genius" is the ſame as is here called the "univerſal intellect," I do not ſee how he can believe the immortality of the ſoul, conſidered as one diſtinct individual being; ſince it is plain, according to theſe notions, that the mind will, at the diſſolution of the body, be ſwallowed up in the infinite abyſs of being.

I ſhall expect, in your next letter, your thoughts on this ſubject, and am,

My dear friend,
moſt affectionately yours,
W. DUNCOMBE.

*LETTER XX.

Mr. NEEDLER to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Portſmouth, Dec. 20, 1711.

I COULD wiſh that the *Spectator* had delivered his notions concerning brutes a little more clearly and diſtinctly; for it does not ſeem to me ſufficiently plain, from what he has ſaid, whether he believes brutes to be mere machines or organiſed bodies, moved and actuated by the immediate hand of GOD, in ſuch manner as may beſt conduce to the preſervation of themſelves and ſpecies, and the fitting them for thoſe uſes for which they were originally deſigned; or, that being endued with a ſort of inferior or

ſenſitive

ſenſitive ſoul, they move and actuate their own bodies, receiving only direction and guidance from the Divine Providence.

But the Latin ſentence which that ingenious writer quotes from Monſ. *Bayle*, and confeſſes to expreſs his own ſentiment, together with the compariſon he makes of the operation, whereby he ſuppoſes GOD to direct brutes in their natural actions, to *that* by which the ſeveral portions of matter are determined to their proper centres (in which the matter ſo determined is purely paſſive, receiving only the impulſe of an external agent) incline me to believe, that he embraces the former of theſe opinions.

This hypotheſis, taken in this ſenſe, agrees ſo far with the *Carteſians* as to deprive brutes of all ſoul, ſenſe, and perception. Both equally render them mere machines or organiſed ſyſtems of matter; one reſolving all their actions into mechaniſm, and making them the neceſſary effects of the laws of motion; the other into the external im-

pulſe and operation of the Divine Power. To ſpeak my thoughts freely; if I believed, that the actions of brutes did not proceed from any ſoul or principle of action within them; but were either produced by the operation of the Divine Power upon them; or elſe flowed mechanically from the laws of motion; I ſhould be apt to chuſe the *latter* of theſe notions. At leaſt, if it did not appear utterly impoſſible to account for the actions of brutes mechanically,—for it ſeems to me, much more conciſe and artiſt-like, and worthier of the Divine Wiſdom, ſo to contrive the ſtructure and diſpoſition of the parts of every animal, as that its proper actions, according to the common laws of motion, ſhould be the neceſſary effect of its peculiar make and conſtitution, than to be obliged to intervene himſelf in an extraordinary manner to produce them.

The paſſage you quote out of Mr. Ralphſon's epiſtles is very remarkable. I remember that Mr. Blount, in the "Oracles of

"Reaſon

"Reaſon," compares the ſoul, when joined to the body, to a ſmall portion of the ſea incloſed in a vial; and when ſeparated from it, to the ſame water confounded and intermixed, by the breaking of the vial which contained it, with the ocean, from whence it was at firſt taken.

But notwithſtanding theſe pretty ſimiles, which are uſed to ſet off this notion, it appears to me very groſs and abſurd.—For though the ocean, which is nothing but a maſs of innumerable diſtinct particles of water, may be ſeparable into portions and parcels, which may afterwards be poured into it again; yet, how can this poſſibly be applied to a ſimple uncompounded being; ſuch as God certainly is! Or who, that has the leaſt tincture of metaphyſics, can with patience hear men talk of plucking off ſnips and pieces from the Divine Eſſence!

I cannot therefore blame Mr. Ralphſon, as too ſevere, for ſtyling thoſe enthuſiaſts, who could entertain ſuch idle unintelligible whimſies;

whimſies; nor for ranking thoſe other philoſophers with them, who imagine the ſame common intellect * to be imparted to all men, though in different meaſures, according to the various diſpoſition of their bodily organs; for this opinion, though not coincident with the former, is nevertheleſs equally abſurd.—For as *that* makes the ſubſtance of the Deity diviſible into ſeparate portions and parcels; ſo *this* ſuppoſes him, though one individual being, diverſified at the ſame time into millions of intelligent beings. Otherwiſe all the men in the world muſt have been but one ſoul; and, conſequently, but one individual perſon; ſince the ſame divine mind animates them all. So that it would be no abſurdity to talk of ſeeing with other mens eyes, and perceiving with other mens underſtandings.

But not to inſiſt any longer upon the abſurdity of ſuppoſing the ſame common ſoul to

* N. B. I ſuppoſe this univerſal intellect to be the divine; as Mr. Ralphſon hints, by joining this opinion with Spinoſa's,

animate

animate a multitude of diſtinct perſons; 'tis a plain contradiction, to ſuppoſe the divine mind to be the ſoul of any one perſon, diſtinct from itſelf. For, whatever that perſon ſhould be ſuppoſed by this ſoul to think or perceive,—not he, but GOD, would truly perceive; this imaginary ſoul being in reality no other than the Deity.

When I conſider the obvious abſurdity of theſe notions, I cannot but admire, how philoſophical and ingenious men could ever embrace ſuch wretched whims. Nor can I without ſatisfaction obſerve theſe pernicious opinions (which undermine the foundations of religion, and blaſt all our hopes of immortality and future happineſs, by taking away the perſonal diſtinction of the ſoul after death,) ſo eaſily refuted and overthrown.

I muſt confeſs there are ſome paſſages in lord Shaftſbury's "meditations," which ſeem to favour this notion; but, however, I believe there are none (allowance being made

for

for the warmth and freedom of his ſtyle) which there is any neceſſity of underſtanding in that ill ſenſe. It would be great pity that ſo pious and elevated a ſtrain of devotion ſhould be tainted with ſuch poiſonous notions. I find, though his lordſhip is reported not to frequent the church, he does not altogether neglect religion. He ſeems to be of the opinion of the *Quietiſts*, who believe that the moſt acceptable worſhip of the Deity, and that which ſuits beſt with his ſpiritual nature, conſiſts in ſilent contemplation and inward adoration of his infinite perfections.

But to return to our philoſophy. The ancients undoubtedly held the ſouls both of men and brutes to be certain portions of, or effluvia from, the Deity; but nevertheleſs, there ſeems to be ſome difference between their notions of brutes, and Mr. Addiſon's in the *Spectator*; they imagined the ſouls of brutes to be real diſtinct portions of the univerſal ſoul; as appears plainly by *Virgil:* whereas the *Spectator* only believes, that they

they are moved and actuated by the divine operation. In particular, ſome of the verſes aſcribed to Orpheus;

Ipſe agitat totam præſenti numine molem, &c.

and thoſe of Virgil;

——— *Totamque infuſa per artus,*
Mens agitat molem, et magno ſe corpore miſcet,

attribute not only the ſouls of men and brutes, but the motion and actuation of the whole corporeal world, to the Deity. In this notion I entirely agree with them; for, as for the dead and inactive nature of matter, there is an abſolute neceſſity for ſuppoſing ſome active ſpiritual principle in nature, to move and actuate the corporeal world; ſo no being appears to me ſo fit to preſide over the motions of nature, as the author of it.

The queſtion in your letter of October the 8th, is very odd and ſurpriſing. 'Tis indeed a very ſtrange thing to conſider, that

the probability of a propoſition ſhould be capable of decreaſing infinitely, and yet never totally vaniſh. That it is ſo, may be clearly proved by ſuppoſing a certain number of blanks to be put into a wheel together with a leſs number of prizes; and then the number of both blanks and prizes augmented equally *in infinitum*, by the continual addition of a like number of each.—For it is eaſy to demonſtrate geometrically, that, if to two unequal numbers, A and B, be added equal ones, C and D, the ſums A+C and B+D ſhall not be in the ſame proportion to each other as the firſt numbers A and B were; but, on the contrary, ſuppoſing A the greateſt number, A+C ſhall bear a leſs proportion to (or be leſs in reſpect of) B+D, than A bears to B. For example: the number 4 is double of 2: add to both, 2; the ſums will be 6 and 4; but 6 is only ſeſquialter of 4, or contains it once and a half, whereas 4 is double of 2: when it is plain, that the proportion of 4 to 2 is greater than of 6 to 4; 4 being to 2, as 2 to 1; but 6 to 4,

as

as 3 to 2. But now, as where there is the greateſt proportion of blanks to the prizes; or where the number of blanks is in reſpect of the number of prizes greateſt, there is the greateſt probability of drawing a blank; ſo on the contrary, for that very reaſon, where there is the leaſt proportion of the blanks to the prizes, or where the number of blanks in reſpect of the number of prizes is leaſt, there is the leaſt probability of drawing a blank. Conſequently, ſince, as was ſhewn above, the proportion of the blanks to the prizes diminiſhes infinitely, the degrees of probability of drawing thoſe blanks muſt diminiſh infinitely too. But yet, ſince notwithſtanding the addition of ever ſo many equal numbers to the firſt unequal number of blanks and prizes, the blanks will always exceed the number of prizes, it muſt always be probable, that a blank will be drawn; ſo that, though this probability of drawing a blank decreaſes *in infinitum*, yet it can never vaniſh and come to nothing. A wonderful concluſion indeed! But yet what I think

the above-mentioned conſiderations do fairly demonſtrate.

Another no leſs wonderful, nor leſs demonſtrable, property of probability, is; that, as it is capable of diminiſhing *in infinitum*, without ever totally vaniſhing; ſo, on the other hand, is it capable of increaſing by infinite degrees, without ever arriving at abſolute certainty. Thus, if we ſuppoſe a certain number of prizes to be put in a wheel, then twice that number of blanks; then four times, &c. it is plain, that when the number of blanks is triple to that of the prizes, is it more probable that a blank ſhould be drawn, than when they are only double; and ſtill, when they are quadruple, it will be more probable than when they are only triple, &c. ſo that the probability will continually grow and increaſe. But yet, ſince there are ſuppoſed to be ſome prizes in the wheel, it can never be abſolutely certain that one of them may not be drawn; however manifold the number of blanks may be of the number of prizes.

And

And theſe I take to be the peculiar and diſtinguiſhing properties of the ſort of evidence, which is only probable. For abſolute certainty, or demonſtration, is not capable of more or leſs; for, ſince thoſe proofs only are demonſtrative, that ſhew a neceſſity that the propoſition proved ſhould be true; and ſuch a neceſſity cannot admit of degrees; it follows, that all true demonſtrations are, in reſpect of evidence, equal. I am, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate
friend and ſervant,
H. NEEDLER.

LETTER XXI.

DAVID MERCATOR, Eſq;* to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, May 22, 1712.

I Feared the fatigue you were obliged to undergo would have ſome ill effects on

* This gentleman, who had a place in the office of ordnance, was unfortunately killed ſome years after,

you, which I am the more concerned for, becauſe you may make yourſelf worſe by thinking this time calls more for your perſonal attendance than hitherto: but indeed I have leſs trouble on that account than for your fever; becauſe I am ſatisfied your opera * is ſo well received by all the beſt of both ſexes, that you neither will nor can loſe any thing by a want of your preſence, either before or on Saturday evening.

I read your opera on Monday morning, before ſeven, at the ſurveyor's † at Wal-

after, together with ſeveral other perſons, by a miſcarriage in the caſting of a large braſs cannon, at a foundery in Bunhill-fields. Some damp getting to the mold, blew up the melted metal among the ſpectators. The prince of Wales (afterwards king George II) and the princeſs were to have been preſent, had they not been providentially prevented. The gun itſelf was kept at Woolwich-warren within theſe few years, and perhaps is there ſtill.

* "Calypſo and Telemachus."

† Mr. Bridges, ſurveyor-general of the ordnance.

lington,

lington, with extreme delight. All the parts of it are pleaſing. The method of the ſtory, the eaſy neatneſs of the ſtyle, the aptneſs and vivacity of the ſongs, the conciſeneſs of well-choſen words, (to give the more liberty to the muſician to diſplay his artful harmony, without tiring the audience,) and yet clearneſs of good ſenſe, you muſt give me leave to own, I think, wonderfully fine and taking. And ſo they ſeemed to be to the ſurveyor, for he expreſſed, by his looks, and bright twinkling of his eyes, a pleaſing ſatisfaction, which made his approbation drop from him in natural words eaſier than they uſually do *.

I ſhall perform your commands to him by letter, but fear I ſhall not ſee him till Tueſday or Wedneſday, being to attend a proof of great guns at Woolwich on Saturday. . . . .

I am, dear Sir,
Your affectionate moſt humble ſervant,
DAVID MERCATOR.

* Mr. B. had a heſitation in his ſpeech.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

A LETTER deſigned for the SPECTATOR. Now firſt printed.

SIR, 1712.

AFTER the encouragement you have ſhewn to muſical entertainments of Engliſh compoſition, I perſuade myſelf you will approve of the endeavours of the gentlemen who attempt to bring an Engliſh opera * upon the ſtage, and contribute to-

* "Calypſo and Telemachus." Such was, at that time, the partiality in favour of Italian operas, that, after many ſuch had been encouraged by large ſubſcriptions, this of "Calypſo and Telemachus," originally written and ſet in Engliſh after the Italian manner, was prepared with the uſual expence of ſcenes and decorations; and being much crowded and applauded at the rehearſals, a ſubſcription was obtained for it as uſual. This alarmed the whole Italian band, who apprehending that their harveſt would would ſoon be at an end, had intereſt enough, (the duke of Shrewſbury, whoſe dutcheſs was an Italian, being then lord chamberlain) to procure an order, the day before the perfor-

ming

wards the ſupporting of ſo laudable an undertaking, againſt the affectation of ſome, and the prejudice of others, who have declared againſt it. I ſhall therefore take leave to lay before you what is objected to it, and obſerve a little upon it.

Now that Mr. Nicolini is to leave us *, and that his not performing can be no greater objection againſt an Engliſh opera, than againſt operas in general; the only one that is inſiſted on, is, that the poetry is Engliſh. A hard matter indeed! That the very argument which every reaſonable man would make uſe of to promote a thing ſhould be turned againſt it.

ming of this opera, to take off the ſubſcription for it, and to open the houſe at the loweſt prices, or not at all. This was deſigned to ſink it, but failed of its end. It was, however, performed, though under ſo great diſcouragement, at the queen's theatre in the Haymarket, and was revived, ſome years after, at the theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields.

* See the "Spectator," vol. vi, numb. 405.

I readily grant, that the ſoft and open pronunciation of the Italian language favours muſic in general more than ours does; but ſtill our own is not ſo wanting in that particular, but the defect may be ſo well ſupplied by a ſkilful poet, that the difference there is will be more than balanced by hearing words that give us agreeable ideas; inſtead of brute ſyllables that can give us Engliſhmen no ideas at all. And here I cannot but obſerve, that as every ſcene in an opera is not to ſhew the lover and his miſtreſs, it may frequently happen, that the majeſty of ſome Engliſh words will appear to be more agreeable to the muſic, as being more proper to the ſubject, than the ſoftneſs of the Italian; for our ſenſes are never ſo elegantly gratified as when our reaſon has a ſhare in the entertainment.

There are ſome perſons who have acquired a certain cant, that the muſic is the only thing to be regarded in an opera, not conſidering that there is an inſeparable connection

nection between the beauties in the muſic, and thoſe of the poetry. I would have ſuch therefore informed, that, in dramatic muſic, the greateſt beauty lies in the expreſſion; which, whether effected by the movement of the parts, or by the modulation of the harmony, is that in muſic which affects our paſſions, when juſtly adapted and applied to words impreſſing ideas on the imagination which are apt to raiſe them. And thus the united force of poetry and muſic, exerting itſelf on the imagination, produces in the hearer a ſtronger perception, than would ariſe from the ideas raiſed ſingly by the muſic. If, therefore, the muſic demands at leaſt words of known ſignification, whereby it may diſplay its greateſt beauty, it is evident, that in the Italian operas we do not hear that in its perfection, for the ſake of which alone we introduced them. And let us conſider now what a ſtrange deſcription it would be of a public diverſion of the polite part of a whole nation, to ſay that it was ſuch that the muſic in it was the only entertain-

ment, the poetry being in an unknown language, whereby the great beauty of the muſic too lay concealed. The reaſon that ſo few have had any taſte of the recitative-muſic, may be eaſily collected from what I have ſaid, ſince it had nothing to recommend it but the expreſſion of the muſic, which I have ſhewn was loſt to us. But were we once made acquainted with this particular ſtyle, by having it ſet forth to us with all the charms of Engliſh verſe, we ſhall, no doubt, as commonly hear a tune-catcher humming over to himſelf a piece of recitative as he now does an air.

Thus far in anſwer to thoſe who place the ſole entertainment of an opera in the muſic; but, for my part, I think we ought to expect ſomething from the poetry too, and I cannot but think, that an Engliſh opera, well written, and agreeable to the rules of dramatic poetry, would be no ſmall addition to the entertainment.

My

My intention is not to enlarge in praiſe of this new opera of "Calypſo and Telema-"chus," nor to engage you to recommend it farther to the town, than that they would, without prejudice, give it as fair a hearing as they are uſed to give to a new Italian opera, ſince thus much, at leaſt, we owe, in common juſtice, to the gentleman of a foreign nation *, who has been at ſo much pains to reconcile us to our own language, as to preſent us with an opera in it. And upon that condition I ſhall gladly leave his performance to ſhift for itſelf.

When I conſider that I am writing to a man of your philoſophy, I cannot but obſerve, on this occaſion, how much more invincible are the prejudices of our advanced years than thoſe of our youth. Theſe are only the wrong notions of our education, which, upon better information, we are ready to give up, no one judging it an imputation to have it thought he wanted

* Mr. Galliard,

judg-

judgment to make a right choice when he was a boy. But thoſe are the acquirements of our manhood, which our vanity ſecures againſt all attacks, and renders impregnable: for, in this particular, ſuch is its dominion over us, that, even after conviction, we would ſeem ſtill to entertain the falſe opinion, vainly flattering ourſelves, that while we appear not to be conſcious of our error, the world therein can never diſcover our folly.

LETTER XXIII.

Mr. Addison to Mr. Hughes.

DEAR SIR, Apr. 24, 1713.

THIS is to acquaint you that I am forced to practiſe a great piece of ſelf-denial. In ſhort, I muſt deprive my play* of the noble ornament you deſigned for it. My friends, who all of them concur with

* "Cato."

me

me in admiring your beautiful copy of verſes, are however of opinion, that it will draw upon me an imputation of vanity; and as my play has met with an unexpected reception, I muſt take particular care not to aggravate the envy and ill-nature that will riſe on courſe upon me. Beſides, to tell you truly, I have received other poems on the ſame occaſion, and one or two from perſons of quality, who will never pardon me if I do not give them a place at the ſame time that I print any other. I know your good ſenſe and friendſhip towards me will not let you put a wrong interpretation on this matter; and I am ſure I need not tell you with how much ſincerity and eſteem, I am, Sir,

Your moſt obliged and
moſt faithful humble ſervant,
J. ADDISON.

LETTER

LETTER XXIV.

Mr. Hughes to Mr. Addison.

DEAR SIR, Apr. 25, 1713.

I AM extremely obliged to you for your kind letter. The warm expreſſions of friendſhip in it give me a much more ſenſible pleaſure than any I could receive from the approbation of my verſes. I confeſs, when I wrote them, I had no thoughts of your printing them; and though nothing would flatter me ſo much in the making them public, as the ſatisfaction of ſeeing my name with yours, yet I am one of thoſe friends who think your preſent reſolution perfectly right, and entirely acquieſce in your reaſons *. I cannot but applaud at the

* Theſe verſes, with ſeveral others, were however prefixed to all the ſubſequent editions of "Cato," but none from "perſons of quality" appeared among them.

ſame

ſame time your chaſte enjoyment of fame, which I think equally above envy and incapable of receiving any addition. I am, with all poſſible eſteem,

Sir, your moſt affectionate and
moſt obedient humble ſervant,
JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER XXV.

Mr. POPE to the Rev. Mr. BERKELEY *.

DEAR SIR, Sunday.

MY lord biſhop † was very much concerned at miſſing you yeſterday: he deſired

* Afterwards the juſtly celebrated biſhop of Cloyne. This letter, though without a date, muſt have been written in the year 1713, when the author, by the means of Swift, firſt became acquainted with Mr. Berkeley, who was then in England, in his way to Italy, as chaplain to the earl of Peterborough, ambaſſador to Sicily and the Italian ſtates. His letters to Pope from Leghorn and Naples (ſee that poet's "works," 12°. vol. 8, pp. 264, 277, and 289) make

me to engage you and myſelf to dine with him this day, but I was unluckily pre-en-

us regret that there are only three of them. During his abſence, Trinity-college, Dublin, of which he was then one of the ſenior fellows, created him, in 1717, D. D. by diploma. Dr. Berkeley returned to Ireland in 1718, and in 1724 was advanced to the deanery of Derry, where he was no ſooner ſettled, than he formed a plan for the promotion of religion and learning in America, by eſtabliſhing a college in the iſlands of Bermuda. With this benevolent and truly chriſtian view, having obtained a royal charter, the dean ſet ſail for Rhode-iſland in September 1728. But not finding himſelf ſupported, in this laudable deſign, by thoſe who alone could render it effectual, he returned to England in 1731, and in 1733 was promoted to the biſhopric of Cloyne. His lordſhip died at Oxford, in the 73d year of his age, January 14, 1753, (having ſettled there a few months before, to ſuperintend the education of his ſon) and was interred in Chriſt-church cathedral, where an elegant monument is erected to his memory, with as elegant an epitaph by Dr. Markham, now biſhop of Cheſter.

To Cato Virgil paid one honeſt line.
Pope never wrote a truer than that which does
juſtice to Berkeley.

† Atterbury, who, having heard much of Mr. Berkeley, wiſhed to ſee him. Accordingly he was

one

gaged. And (upon my telling him I ſhould carry you out of town to-morrow, and hoped to keep you till the end of the week) he has deſired that we will not fail to dine with him the next Sunday, when he will have no other company.

I write you this, to intreat you will provide yourſelf of linen and other neceſſaries ſufficient for the week; for, as I take you to be almoſt the only friend I have, that is above the little vanities of the town, I expect you may be able to renounce it for one week, and to make trial how you like my Tuſculum, becauſe I aſſure you, it is

one day introduced to the biſhop by the earl of Berkeley. After ſome time, Mr. B. quitted the room: on which lord B. ſaid to the biſhop, "Does my couſin "anſwer your lordſhip's expectations?" The biſhop, lifting up his hands in aſtoniſhment, replied, "So "much underſtanding, ſo much knowledge, ſo much "innocence, and ſuch humility, I did not think had "been the portion of any but angels, 'till I ſaw this "gentleman."

no leſs yours, and hope you will uſe it as your own country villa, the enſuing ſeaſon.

I am, faithfully yours,

A. POPE.

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. Bayne to Mr. Hughes.

DEAR SIR, Wemys, Sept. 4, 1713.

IT is no ſmall pain to me to think that I am henceforth to be cut off from my dear Mr. Hughes's company. It is a reflection, I can aſſure you, that makes my heart ach, even now, while I have the greateſt reaſon imaginable to enjoy a tranquillity of mind, by having laid the future happineſs of my life here, upon very reaſonable foundations; but it is ſtill ſome comfort to me to hope, that, in place of your converſation, you will be ſo kind to me as to let me have your correſpondence. I am now to tell you, that a young lady has got poſſeſſion of my heart,

and

that I have good reaſon to think I ſhall ſoon have hers in exchange. It happens that this young lady is a *Mrs. Mary*, and a youngeſt daughter, upon which you'll eaſily imagine that I have thought of the *Sparkler**, and flatter myſelf that my favourite is very like Mr. Ironſide's. There is ſomething very particular in my ſtory, ariſing from friendſhip, of which our intimacy challenges an account from me.

You may remember, I had a couſin and friend, that, two years ago, came to ſee me, and ſtayed ſome time in Lincoln's Inn. With this gentleman, you muſt know, I have had a very long, conſtant, and warm friendſhip; and, you'll readily imagine, he was at Edinburgh to meet me upon my arrival there. The next morning we contrived to be together *tête à tête*, when he, who has devoted himſelf to a ſingle life, took occaſion to complain to me how much he

* See the character of the "Sparkler" in the "Guardian," numb. 5.

ſuffered

ſuffered by my abſence, and how joyleſs even his rural amuſements, and one of the prettieſt country-ſeats of his, were to him, while I had no ſhare therein, wiſhing withal, as he had done two years ago, that I could think of leaving England, find out a proper mate for myſelf, and come and live with him. You cannot doubt but theſe warm ſolicitations of ſo dear a friend made a very deep impreſſion on me. A few hours after, I chanced to go to pay my reſpects to this gentleman's mother, whom I found at a tea-table with her three daughters: the *Sparkler* very ſoon caught my eye; for having known her when ſhe was a girl, and then a great favourite of mine, I had an elegant ſatisfaction in obſerving that ſhe was now what ſhe then promiſed to be. In ſhort, I ſoon found myſelf ſo much hers, and ſhe being ſo nearly related to my friend, that I could not but think that Providence had contrived to make this propoſal effectual. I gave into it, and matters are as far advanced as decency could permit in ſo ſhort a time.

It will be an infinite pleaſure to me to hear from you, and I beg that you will believe me, in every ſtate and condition of life, to be with great truth, dear Sir,

Your affectionate and
moſt humble ſervant,
AL. BAYNE.

LETTERS XXVII, XXVIII, & XXIX.

Three LETTERS (by Mr. HUGHES) deſigned for the GUARDIAN. Now firſt printed.

SIR,

THERE are few men but are capable, at ſome time or other, of making a right judgment of themſelves; therefore having, as I think, caught myſelf in one of theſe wiſe fits, I am reſolved to make uſe of it, while it laſts, and lay my caſe before you. I was bred a mercer. I need not tell you that moſt of our profeſſion are orators. I have, with ſome pains, attained

to

to a great volubility of tongue, and am a perfect maſter in the art of ſhop-rhetoric, which, with the help of a fair wig, a plauſible bow, a gentle inclination of the head in proper parts of my diſcourſe, and an eaſy motion of the hand, ſets off all that I utter, and has helped me to thrive in the world very comfortably. By this means, Mr. Ironſide, as I owe my proſperity to noiſe, I am grown an utter enemy to ſilence, and when I go among my plain honeſt neighbours, who are not of any of the talking profeſſions, I cannot help aſſuming a ſuperiority over them, which, I find, has been a little reſented. I have often reſolved to confine my oratory to the verge of my ſhop, and to employ it only in ſetting off my ſilks and brocades, but long habits are not eaſily overcome, and the muſical ſound of my own voice has tempted me, as often, to break that reſolution. Many of my acquaintance, I know, would take it kindly if I talked leſs, and if you would put me in a way to do it, I ſhould be very glad to oblige them. You muſt know, that I am

ſometimes chairman of a club, where ſome of them complain that they have not their ſhare of the diſcourſe, and others (in raillery, I ſuppoſe) call me the fine ſpeaker. I have offered to pay double for my club, but that will not ſatisfy them. Beſides, Mr. Guardian, I have heard that you moraliſts ſay, it is difficult for a man to talk much without offending againſt truth, innocence, or good manners; and how do I know, now I am ſerious, whether this unhappy talent may not, at ſome time or other, have miſled me into falſhood, uncharitableneſs, or ſcandal? It is poſſible that the ſuperfluity of my diſcourſe may have fallen upon the reputation of ſome honeſt man, and have done him an irreparable injury. I may, in the torrent of my loquacity, have leſſened real merit, or magnified little failings, beyond the allowance of charity or humanity. I may have raiſed an unjuſt jealouſy by a flower of ſpeech, practiſed upon credulity by a ſmooth ſentence, and, in the heat of an argument, I may have called a man knave by a ſhake of the

head and a ſhrug of the ſhoulders. To be plain, I have ſearched my heart, and find there is a great deal of vanity at the bottom of it. Therefore, Mr. Guardian, now I am in a proper diſpoſition, if you will be pleaſed to give me a lecture on this ſubject, and be ſo kind as to convince me that I am a coxcomb, you will do a very particular ſervice to, Sir,

Your very humble ſervant.

To Nestor Ironside, Eſq;
Or, in his abſence, to the keeper of the lion, at Button's coffee-houſe, Covent-garden.

OLD IRONSIDE, Sept. 1713.

IF your lion had not leſs breeding than a bear, he would not have opened his throat againſt ſo genteel a diverſion as maſquerading *, which has ever been looked upon, in all polite countries, as tending to no

* See the "Guardian," vol. ii, numb. 142 & 154.

other

other end than to promote a better underſtanding between the ſexes. But I ſhall take another opportunity, Mr. Ironſide, to talk with you upon this ſubject. My preſent buſineſs is with the lion; and ſince this ſavage has behaved himſelf ſo rudely, I do, by theſe preſents, challenge him to meet me at the next maſquerade, and deſire you will give orders to Mr. Button to bring him thither, in all his terrors, where, in defence of the innocence of theſe midnight amuſements, I intend to appear againſt him, in the habit of Signor Nicolini, to try the merits of this cauſe by ſingle combat. I am,

Yours,

INCOGNITO.

HONEST NESTOR,

PR'YTHEE, ſtop your lion's mouth a little on the chapter of maſquerading. I have purſued a dear creature ſeveral of theſe gay nights through three or four as odd changes as any in "Ovid's Metamorphoſes,"

and ſhe has promiſed, at the next, in the habit of a gypſy, to tell me finally my fortune. Be dumb till then, and afterwards ſay what you pleaſe.

Your humble ſervant,

TIM. FROLICK.

LETTER XXX.

Mr. HUGHES to Mr. ADDISON.

DEAR SIR, October 6, 1713.

I DO not doubt but you know, by this time, that Mr. Steele has abruptly dropped the *Guardian* *. He has publiſhed this day a paper called the *Engliſhman*, which begins with an anſwer to the *Examiner*, written with great boldneſs and ſpirit, and ſhews that his thoughts are at preſent entirely on politics. Some of his friends are

* The laſt number of the "Guardian" was publiſhed October 1, 1713.

in

in pain about him, and are concerned that a paper ſhould be diſcontinued, which might have been generally entertaining without engaging in party-matters.

I know not whether ſuch a paper as the *Guardian* may hereafter be attempted by other hands. I remember, you were once pleaſed to aſk me, what I thought would be a good plan; and this unexpected occaſion has given me a thought, which I beg leave to offer to your conſideration: and becauſe I cannot, at this diſtance, ſo well explain it to you in the compaſs of a letter, I incloſe a ſlight ſketch I have juſt begun of it to-day: only I muſt acquaint you, that what I ſend is a ſequel of a paper which is to open the plan, and which deſcribes a ſociety of learned men, of various characters, who meet together to carry on a converſation on all kinds of ſubjects, and who empower their ſecretary to draw up any of their diſcourſes, or publiſh any of their writings, under the title of the *Regiſter*. By this means, I think, the town might be

ſome-

ſometimes entertained with dialogue, which will be a new way of writing, either related or ſet down in form, under the names of different ſpeakers; and ſometimes with eſſays, or with diſcourſes in the perſon of the writer of the paper.

I chuſe to ſend you the ſecond paper, though unfiniſhed, becauſe you will ſee an offer in it at a new-invented character, with a caſt of oddneſs in it to draw attention, and to lay a foundation for a great variety of matter and of adventures. I wiſh I could tempt you, by any ſlight thought of mine, to take ſomething of this kind into conſideration: I ſhould, on ſuch condition, be willing to furniſh one paper in a week, on this, or any plan you ſhall think more proper, but without you I ſhall make no farther uſe of it.

I ſhall only add, that it is my opinion, and, I believe, that of moſt others, that ſuch a paper ſhould be only three times a week: when it ſhould begin, or whether

at

at all or not, I ſubmit to you, and ſhall be glad to be favoured with a few lines from you on this, directed to me in, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER XXXI.

Mr. ADDISON to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, Bilton*, Oct. 12, 1713.

I AM very much obliged to you for your kind letter, and the ſpecimen, which I read over with great pleaſure.—I think the title of the *Regiſter* would be leſs aſſuming than that of the *Humanity-Club*; but, to tell you truly, I have been ſo taken up with thoughts of that nature for theſe two or three years laſt paſt, that I muſt now take ſome time *pour me delaſſer*, and lay in fewel for a future work. In the mean time, I ſhould be glad if you would ſet ſuch a project on

* Near Rugby in Warwickſhire.

foot

foot, for I know nobody elſe capable of ſucceeding in it, and turning it to the good of mankind, ſince my friend has laid it down. I am in a thouſand troubles for poor Dick, and wiſh that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himſelf*; but

* Mr. Addiſon (as the event ſhewed) was too true a prophet, his friend "poor Dick," who was then member for Stockbridge, being expelled the houſe of commons, March 15, 1713-14, for ſome libellous paragraphs in the "Engliſhman," and in another paper called the "Criſis."

A late excellent developer of the human heart, [Mrs. Catherine Talbot,] in her xvith "eſſay," p. 133, after drawing, with great preciſion, "that kind "of ſhatter-witted amiable character, which gains no "confidence, and loſes all reſpect; that careleſs, "gay, good-humoured creature, as full of livelineſs "and entertainment as void of caution and diſcretion, "which lives on from moment to moment, without "meaning any harm, or ever taking thorough pains "to do good;" adds, "By all I could ever learn, "the great and amiable ſir Richard Steele was one of "theſe whimſical unhappy mortals. With a genius "and a heart that few have ever equalled, he had "this defect in conduct to ſuch a degree, as made "him, in every reſpect, but that of an author, as "hurtful

he has ſent me word, that he is determined to go on, and that any advice I can give him, in this particular, will have no weight with him.

I beg you will preſent my moſt ſincere reſpects to Sir Richard Blackmore, and that you will add my ſiſter's *, who is now with me, and very much his humble ſervant. I wiſh I could ſee him and yourſelf in theſe parts, where I think of ſtaying a month or two longer.

" hurtful a member of ſociety as well could be. Wit " like his turned his very diſtreſſes into entertain- " ment, and it is hard to ſay, whether he raiſed in his " acquaintance more love, diverſion, or compaſſion. " But what pity it is, that ſuch a mind ſhould have " had any blemiſh at all!"

* Dorothy, firſt married to Dr. Sartre (a Frenchman) prebendary of Weſtminſter, and afterwards to Daniel Combes, eſq; Swift (after dining with this lady and her firſt huſband at his prebendal-houſe, Oct. 25, 1710,) ſays of her, " Addiſon's ſiſter is a " ſort of wit, very like him. I am not fond of her, " &c."—See letter vii of his " Journal to Stella."

I am always, with the greateſt truth and eſteem,

Sir, your moſt faithful and
moſt obedient ſervant,
J. ADDISON.

LETTER XXXII.

Sir RICH. BLACKMORE * to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR, Nov. 11, 1713.

WHEN the aſſiſtance I offered to you and Mr. Addiſon was declined by both, I

* This writer, though the butt of the wits, eſpecially of Dryden and Pope, was treated with more contempt than he deſerved. In particular, his poem "on the creation" has much merit, and is extolled by Mr. Addiſon as "one of the moſt uſeful and noble "productions in our Engliſh verſe." See the "Spec-"tator," vol. v, numb. 339. And let it be remembered, that the reſentment of thoſe wits was excited by Sir Richard's zeal for religion and virtue; by cenſuring the libertiniſm of Dryden, and the (ſuppoſed) profaneneſs of Pope. He died Oct. 9, 1729.

reſol-

reſolved, by the aid of another friend, to publiſh a paper three times a week, and to own that I had ſome hand in it. Accordingly this deſign has been twice publicly advertiſed. The paper is called the *Lay Monk* *; and now, I believe, the tenderneſs of your friendſhip, joined with your diffidence of ſucceſs, begins to put you in pain, and make you tremble for me. But I intreat you to diſmiſs all concern of that nature, for I can run no riſk. I am not determined by deſire of fame, or profit, to undertake this difficult and hazardous province, but I have other views, which I am under obligations to purſue, though I ſhould run a greater venture than I do now. If I miſcarry, I am but where I was; if I ſucceed, I ſhall have the ſatisfaction of accompliſhing a deſign that I have formed for public good.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

R^D. BLACKMORE.

* The firſt paper was publiſhed Nov. 16, 1713, the laſt Feb. 15, 1713-14.

LETTER XXXIII.

Mr. Hughes to Mr. Addison.

DEAR SIR, December 5, 1713.

I Deſigned long ago to have acknowledged the favour of your kind letter, and, at the ſame time, to have acquainted you that I had laid aſide all thoughts of the deſign mentioned to you in my laſt. I had indeed been prompted to it by our very worthy friend Sir Richard Blackmore, who is apt to think, as you do, much too partially of my poor abilities. But when I perceived you were tired with an entertainment you had ſo long given the town, with much better ſucceſs than I could ever propoſe, I could not perſuade myſelf to engage as a principal in an undertaking, in which I was only willing to have been an aſſiſtant. Sir Richard was, however, of opinion, that ſuch a deſign ought not to be dropped, and therefore determined to make the experiment, which he believed might turn to the

public

public good: and, by his commiſſion, I ſend you the papers * which have been hitherto publiſhed, to which he adds his ſincere reſpects to your ſiſter.

You may believe, when this deſign was once ſet on foot, I could not be wholly unconcerned: I muſt therefore deſire your indulgence to the third, ſixth, and ninth papers; and the reſt, I am ſure, will entertain you very well. I do not own my part, but to yourſelf, having ſo much buſineſs to attend at preſent, beſides my ordinary affairs, that I am never ſure of a day's time. I ſhould have been very glad if I could have accepted of your kind invitation, and have waited on you in the country. No one has more entire eſteem for your friendſhip, nor more longs for your return to the town, than, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

* Theſe papers were collected into a volume in 1714, under the title of the "Lay-Monaſtery." The Friday's papers were by Mr. Hughes, the reſt by Sir Richard Blackmore. There are forty numbers.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. POPE to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR, April 13, [1714.]

I MAKE uſe of the freedom you ſo obligingly allowed me, of ſending you a paper of propoſals for "Homer," and of intreating your aſſiſtance in promoting the ſubſcription *.

I have added another for Mr. Pate †, if he thinks fit to oblige me ſo far, as you ſeemed inclined to believe he might.

* Mr. Pope began to give out ſubſcriptions in 1713.

† "Will Pate, the learned woollen-draper," ſo ſtyled by Swift in his "letters to Stella," Sept. 17, and Oct. 6, 1710. Lord Hervey was once very deſirous of entering into a ſatirical war with Pope, in revenge for that poet's ſcurrilous and illiberal treatment of him, (who was really a man of great ſenſe and abilities, and on that account only had the honour of being called up into the houſe of lords in his father's

I have left receipts ſigned with Mr. Jervas, who will give 'em for any ſubſcriptions you may procure, and be (I am ſure) very glad to be better acquainted with you, or entertain you with what paintings or drawings he has. He charges me to give you his moſt humble ſervice, and I beg you to think no man is, with a truer eſteem than I, dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged and faithful ſervant,

A. POPE.

Pray make my moſt humble ſervice acceptable to Sir Richard Blackmore *.

father's life-time,) telling biſhop Hoadly, that "if "he had any genius, it was for ſatire." The biſhop deſired his lordſhip to apply the following ſtory. "Will Pate," going home pretty late and pretty mellow, would needs quarrel with a night-man, who had given him a ſlaſh with his whip, and, running to the man's cart, began to pelt him. "Oh, oh," ſays the fellow, "are you thereabout? That's my "trade." Lord Hervey replied immediately, "he "would have nothing to ſay to Pope."

* It appears from the above, that Mr. Pope and this poetical knight were then upon terms of friendſhip,

LETTER XXXV.

Mr. HUGHES to SIR GODFREY KNELLER*.

SIR GODFREY, Aug. 19, 1715.

KNOWING how great an admirer you are of Rubens, and of his genius for alle-

ſhip, which were firſt broken by Sir Richard's accuſing Mr. Pope of profaneneſs and immorality, (ſee his "eſſays," vol. ii, p. 27) on a report from Curl, that he was author of a "traveſtie on the firſt pſalm." Had it not been for this, all the knight's bad poetry would ſcarcely have procured him a place in the "Dunciad," as in that poem the author "profeſſed "to attack no man living, who had not before prin-"ted and publiſhed againſt him;" and on this principle, having rediculed "Dr. Watts's pſalms" in the firſt edition of that ſatire, thoſe lines were, at the inſtance of Mr. Richardſon, the painter, a friend to both, in all the ſubſequent editions omitted.

* This great painter was born at Lubeck in Holſtein, in 1646, and after ſtudying under Rembrandt in Holland, and alſo at Rome and Venice, came over to England in 1674, accompanied by his brother, without intending to reſide here, but to return through

gorical painting, I could not avoid thinking of you when I undertook to publiſh Spenſer*, who had the ſame genius with

through France to Venice. They were recommended to Banks, a Hamburgh merchant, and Godfrey drew him and his family. The pictures pleaſed. Mr. Vernon, ſecretary to the duke of Monmouth, ſaw them, ſat to the new painter, and obtained his maſter's picture by the ſame hand. The duke was ſo charmed, that he engaged the king his father to ſit to Kneller. His ſucceſs fixed him here. The ſeries of his portraits prove the continuance of his reputation. . . .

He was knighted by king William in 1692, was made a baronet by George I, and died Oct. 27, 1723.

"Walpole's anecdotes of painting," vol. iii, p. 107—111.

* There was no man at this time more equal to the taſk; and, on the other hand, there was no taſk that could have proved more acceptable to him. Spenſer and Hughes ſeem to be allied by genius.—Both great poets, both remarkable for their ſtrict morals, both public-ſpirited men, both well received by the great, and yet neither of them much indebted to fortune. It was happy for the memory of Spenſer, that the revival and illuſtration of his writings were committed to a perſon of ſuch candour and capacity.

Rubens, and is the moſt painter-like poet, and the fineſt deſigner of the virtues and vices of any writer extant. As I am ſure, therefore, he cannot fail of entertaining you, I beg leave to make you a preſent of his works. I have, at the ſame time, taken the liberty to print you in the liſt with my ſubſcribers, being very deſirous that a work, which will live for ever, ſhould be honoured with the name of the beſt artiſt our age has produced. If you will accept of this ſmall teſtimony of the great reſpect I have for you and your art*, you will very much oblige, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

It muſt have been a very pleaſing labour to Mr. Hughes to reſtore the ſenſe, to revive the honour, to repair and deck with freſh garlands the monument of ſo worthy a man. The ſpirit and elegance with which he diſcharged his truſt, as an editor, are inconteſtable proofs of all that we have advanced.

Dr. Campbell. See Biog. Brit. vol. iv, p. 2706.

* Mr. Hughes was very deſirous of paying his poetical tribute to the merit and friendſhip of this great painter, but was always deterred (he ſaid) by

reading

LETTER XXXVI.

Sir. GODFREY KNELLER to Mr. HUGHES.

MR. HUGHES, Whitton*, Auguſt 24, 1715.

I HAD your moſt obligin letre, with the moſt acceptable preſent of Mr. Spencer's

reading Dryden's admirable poem on the ſame occaſion. In honour of painting, as well as of muſic, Pope, however, entered the liſts with his maſter Dryden, whoſe ſuperiority (diſtinguiſhable as it is) is in nothing more apparent than in the choice of his ſubject. Pope was as unlucky in celebrating the paintings of Jervas, as he was in extolling the virtues of Bolingbroke. He compoſed indeed an "epitaph" for Kneller: but "what a falling off was there!" How inferior is that bad copy of an extravagant original, not only to Dryden and himſelf, but alſo to the eulogiums which ſir Godfrey received "on the duke of "Ormond's picture" from Prior, "on his picture "of the king" from Addiſon, and "at his country-"ſeat" from Tickell; which laſt Mr. Walpole has, by miſtake, aſcribed to Steele, it being printed in his "miſcellanies."

See "Anecdotes of Painting," vol. iii, p. 114.

* Near Hounſlow,

worcks, wiſhing I had knowen of a ſubſcription, and hope you will give me an opportunity of ſhowing my obligation, and that I may deſerve (in ſume degree) your ſo favorable good opinion you haye of, Sir,

Your moſt humble and
moſt obedient obliged ſervant,
G. KNELLER.

LETTER XXXVII.

Mr. POPE to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, Binfield *, Oct. 7, 1715.

EVER ſince I had the pleaſure to know you, I have believed you one of that uncommon rank of authors, who are undeſigning men and ſincere friends; and who, when they commend another, haye not any view of being praiſed themſelves. I ſhould be therefore aſhamed to offer at ſaying any

* In Windſor-foreſt.

of

of thoſe civil things in return to your obliging compliments in regard to my tranſlation of "Homer;" only I have too great a value for you not to be pleaſed with them; and yet, I aſſure you, I receive praiſes from you with leſs pleaſure than I have often paid them to your merit before, and ſhall (I doubt not) have frequent occaſions of doing again, from thoſe uſeful pieces you are ſtill obliging us with.

If you were pleaſed with my preface, you have paid me for that pleaſure, in the ſame kind, by your entertaining and judicious eſſays* on Spenſer. The preſent you make me is of the moſt agreeable nature imaginable, for Spenſer has ever been a favourite poet to me: he is like a miſtreſs, whoſe faults we ſee, but love her with 'em all.

* "An eſſay on allegorical poetry," "Remarks "on the fairy queen," "on the ſhepherd's calendar, "&c" prefixed to Mr. Hughes's edition of "Spen-"ſer's works."

What

What has deferred my thanks till now, was a ramble I have been taking about the country, from which I returned home, and found your kind letter, but yeſterday. A teſtimony of that kind, from a man of your turn, is to be valued at a better rate than the ordinary eſtimate of letters will amount to. I ſhall rejoice in all opportunities of cultivating a friendſhip I ſo truly eſteem, and hope very ſhortly to tell you, in town, how much I am, Sir,

Your obliged and faithful
humble ſervant,
A. POPE.

Since you deſire to hear of my progreſs in the tranſlation, I muſt tell you that I have gone through four more books, which (with the remarks) will make the ſecond volume *.

* Soon after writing this letter Mr. Pope, removed from Binfield to Twickenham, from Windſor-foreſt to the ſide of the Thames, which, in a letter to Mr. Blount, he ſtyles one of the "grand æras of his days, "and a notable period in ſo inconſiderable a life."

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

Sir RICHARD STEELE * to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, St. James's Street, Jan. 8, 1715-16.

A Paper called the *Town-talk* † is particularly deſigned to be helpful to the ſtage. If you have not ſent the maſk ‡, which is to come out on Thurſday, to preſs, if you pleaſe to ſend me the copy, it ſhall be recommended to the town, and publiſhed on Thurſday night with that paper.

Your affectionate friend
and moſt humble ſervant,
RICHARD STEELE.

* Sir Richard Steele was at this time member for Boroughbridge in Yorkſhire.

† Neither this, nor the "Theatre," nor the "Spinſter," (all by the ſame hand) have been collected into a volume.

‡ "Apollo and Daphne," a maſque, by Mr. Hughes, ſet to muſic by Dr. Pepuſch. See it in his "poems," vol. ii, p. 167.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

Mr. Bayne to Mr. Hughes.

Edinburgh, July 23, 1716.

IT is now ſo long ſince I heard of my dear Mr. Hughes, that I am grown extremely impatient to know how you do. The thought of your frequent want of health, when we lived together, makes me often very uneaſy when I think of you, and I wiſh you could ſend me ſuch accounts of the improvement of your naturally weak conſtitution, that I might preſent you to my imagination always in perfect health. I have had more reaſon of late to regret my abſence from you than at any time ſince I left you. I was all this winter in the country, within ten miles of the ſeat of the late rebellion, wherein a great many of my friends and acquaintances were unhappily engaged: ſo you'll eaſily imagine, that, in ſuch a melancholy ſituation, I often wanted the comfort of a friend's company. You'll forgive

forgive me that I frequently wiſhed for you, not conſidering that it might have added to your uneaſineſs when it leſſened mine. Mr. Needler *, under whoſe cover I ſend you this, made me hope ſome time ago to have heard from you, and to have received ſome things you have done lately. I hope now you will make good what you then intended, for I can aſſure you, I ſtand much in need of the ſatisfaction that any thing from you will always give me, having very few moments free from the anxious thoughts that are occaſioned by the diſmal circumſtances, in which, not only ſeveral of my neareſt relations, but many of my good acquaintances here, have involved themſelves. As to every other thing, I thank God, I am perfectly eaſy, if I could ſee Mr. Hughes, but ſince in that I cannot be happy, I muſt e'en make ſhift as I have done hitherto, in the company of ſome of my friends, that are now become pretty well acquainted with you. I ſhall expect

* See letter xix, note †.

to hear very ſoon from you, and I hope you will not diſappoint me, for, believe me, there is nothing can give me greater ſatisfaction.

I am, my dear friend,

Your moſt faithful friend and ſervant,

AL. BAYNE.

LETTER XL.

Mr. Hughes to Mr. Bayne.

DEAR SIR, [1716.]

I AM much aſhamed to think how long it is ſince that I had two very kind letters from my good friend Mr. Bayne, which have lain by me unanſwered. I find that the awkwardneſs of confeſſing, and the trouble of excuſing, after ſome time, a fault, are very apt to betray one to add to it by delays, as people that are behind-hand with their creditors, though they may be very honeſt, are not very forward to make up their accounts. In the firſt place, I muſt freely

freely own, (if a general fault can excuſe a particular one) that I always was a very bad correſpondent. But beſides that, I think I may truly ſay, that a great part of the tranquillity and happineſs of my life deſerted me from the time that I loſt the converſation of ſo valuable a friend. For I have ſcarce ever ſince been free either from hurry of buſineſs at ſome times, or, at other times, bad health, or misfortunes. About a twelvemonth ſince, I had the affliction to loſe a very good father, and ſince that I have had ſuch ſhocks in my weak conſtitution, that I thought this winter I ſhould have followed him. Your enquiries, in your laſt, concerning my ſtate of health, are ſo very kind and affectionate, that, for both our ſakes, I am glad I can now inform you, (which I could not have done till lately) that I hope I have a comfortable proſpect of getting it tolerably reeſtabliſhed.

I can very eaſily imagine the ſenſible impreſſion which the calamities of many of his

friends and countrymen muſt have made upon a good man; and I can aſſure you, that, during the late rebellion, my thoughts were often with you, and ſympathiſed in that concern which I know it muſt have given you. I hate that thought of Lucretius, *Suave mari magno*, &c. that "when we our-"ſelves are ſafe on the ſhore, we may look "with pleaſure on the ſhip which is loſt in a "tempeſt:" it is at leaſt ſelfiſh and narrow, if not barbarous and ill-natured: as it would be for a man in his ſenſes to look upon a madman, and to ſee the ruins of reaſon, without ſome pity and fellow-feeling of the ſufferings of his ſpecies,

I am ſure, you cannot more frequently or more ardently have wiſhed for my company, than I have done, and do ſtill, for yours. Whether it is that a long courſe of ill health has made me more humourſome, and leſſened my taſte of common diverſions and acquaintance, but I aſſure you, I find very few whoſe converſation and temper can afford me that ſatisfaction, which, I think, I could

could always have in yours. If I am at all known in your part of the world, (as you tell me in one of your letters) and you have taught ſome of your friends to think kindly of me, I impute it all to your affection for me, and am glad to have that mark of it. I have likewiſe ſome friends here whom I have made acquainted with you, and who, upon occaſion, indulge me in the liberty of talking my whole heart of you, and, I believe, do not like me the worſe for it.—Among ſome of theſe I lately met with a gentleman of your country, who knows you, and was a very good voucher to the company for what I aſſerted. The gentleman I mean is Mr. Strahan *, of the pay-office at the horſe-guards, who appears to me to be a ſenſible and a good-natured man, and of whom I hear a worthy character.

* Since that time known to the learned world by his tranſlation of the "Æneid of Virgil" into blank verſe, in the laſt books of which he was aſſiſted by Mr. Dobſon, the tranſlator of "Milton." He died about four years ago, in a very advanced age.

Though

Though you mention nothing of your lady in your laſt letter, you may be ſure I have not forgotten (though I may have forgiven) the perſon who was the occaſion of our ſeparation and your happineſs. I have been looking over afreſh the letter you wrote to me juſt before your marriage: it was the greateſt compliment you could make me at that time, to mingle my friendſhip with an affair ſo much at your heart: and ſince you flattered me then, that ſhe ſeemed to have ſome regard to my opinion of you, and kept my letter, to produce it, as you ſay, if there ſhould be occaſion, it is time now to challenge her upon that head, and aſk her, Whether ſhe has not found I was in the right? I am not aſhamed that a teſtimony under my hand is ſtanding out on this matter, and am in no pain about her anſwer.

Though I have mentioned ſome reaſons of my long ſilence already, yet, after all, I ſhould have writ much ſooner, if I had not deſigned you a ſmall parcel as well as a letter,

letter, and ſtayed to make ſome addition to it. One thing was, that I hoped, by this time, I ſhould have been able to have ſent you a tragedy * which I have under my hands, and which (if I had not been hindered by illneſs) I had deſigned for the ſtage this winter. But I have yet only been able to finiſh four acts of it, and muſt now defer it till the next winter. The "Spenſer's works" is a ſet I had laid by for myſelf, and which I now rather chuſe to ſend in paſte-boards than ſtay for the binding, and loſe the opportunity which Mr. Needler tells me he has of conveyance. Sir Richard Blackmore, with whom I have often talked of you, gave me, ſome time ago, the ſmall edition of his "Prince Arthur" for you: and I have a ſmall collection of papers †, by the ſame hand, which were publiſhed in ſingle half-ſheets (like the *Spectator*) but with no great ſuc-

* The "Siege of Damaſcus."

† The "Lay-Monaſtery." See letters xxxii and xxxiii.

ceſs,

ceſs, the town having been before too long entertained in the ſame way. There are ſome diſcourſes, which, I believe, will amuſe you. You may be ſure, on ſuch an occaſion, I could not be wholly unconcerned, though I was not in the ſecret till the firſt paper was printed. I will therefore own to you (what I would not have commonly known) that the character of "Ned Freeman," and all the Friday's papers, were mine. It is certain, that though this project did not ſucceed like the *Spectator*, it began to grow upon the town, and might have been continued with moderate ſucceſs, if ſir Richard had not been weary and dropped it. . . . . .

I am, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

Mr. HUGHES to Mrs. BRIDGES *.

London, Aug. 15, 1716.

I WISH I were capable of acknowledging the favours, for which I am a debtor to Mrs. Bridges, in any proportion to the ſenſe I have of them, and of the very friendly manner in which they are beſtowed. It is a very great pleaſure to receive obliga-

* The wife of —— Bridges, eſq; ſurveyor-general of the ordnance. In a "collection of poems" by Mrs. Elizabeth Tollet, a lady of genius, learning, and fortune, (publiſhed, after her death, in 1755) are the following verſes in memory of Mrs. Bridges:

"If copious wealth, enjoy'd to full content,
"Or length of days, in peace and honour ſpent,
"Is all the anxious heart of man can crave,
"Yet here they ceaſe, and vaniſh in the grave:
"Behold the ſacred ſtone, where Bridges lies,
"But ſpare your tears, for virtue never dies."

She died Dec. 1, 1745, aged 88.

tions, when they flow from perſons to whom we would wiſh to be obliged, and whoſe friendſhip and eſteem is a real happineſs. In this caſe, if it is not a teſtimony to our merit, yet it is at leaſt an incitement to endeavour more to deſerve it; and it is often ſeen, that the approbation of worthy perſons is a means of making us more worthy of that approbation. I am in the leſs concern about what is out of my power, the making any return beſides this acknowledgment, becauſe I remember a nice obſervation of the duke de Rochefoucault, "That too much ſolicitude to acquit "one's ſelf of an obligation is at the bot-"tom but a refined ſort of ingratitude." I am therefore very eaſy under a debt which I do not pretend to repay.

In ſome of our converſations at Wallington, which, I think, had a very agreeable mixture and relief of mirth and ſerioufneſs, I had the ſatisfaction of obſerving, Madam, that my thoughts then agreed with yours, on ſubjects of conſequence which have been long

long diſputed among us, and in which it is almoſt a general faſhion to declare on the uncharitable ſide. This has given me occaſion to ſearch after a ſmall pamphlet *, which I publiſhed ſome time ago, and in which I endeavoured, as clearly as I could, to expreſs my thoughts at that time, and I ſhall be glad if it gives you any ſatisfaction. I ſend it the rather, that, (though you may perhaps think I have been too much an author) you may ſee I have not always trifled in the choice of my ſubjects; for, I am ſure, whoever can help to ſettle this controverſy on a right footing, will do the nation a very good ſervice. After all the enquiries that I have been able to make, I cannot but think that they only are in the wrong, on either ſide, who are too poſitive

* Entitled, "A review of the caſe of Ephraim and "Judah, and its application to the church of En-"gland and the diſſenters. In a letter to Dr. Willis, "dean of Lincoln, occaſioned by his thankſgiving "ſermon, preached before her majeſty at St. Paul's, "on the 23d of Auguſt, 1705." Printed in the year 1705.

that the others are ſo, ſince the difference is very little between them. If there are two roads from this place to Wallington, though the one perhaps is the more commodious and frequented, and what I would chuſe, and the other not bad, or much out of the way; yet why are not both right, and what need is there to quarrel about the matter? Methinks, this is ſo eaſy a way of ſolving the queſtion, that it is ſtrange any one ſhould miſs it. It puts me in mind of Fontenelle's comparing our ſearch after truth to blind-man's buff; ſhe often comes in our way, and we ſometimes lay hold of her, and let her go again, and do not know it: but it is no wonder, ſince we put the handkerchief over our own eyes, and make it to be a play in the dark.

Since I am troubling you with a pacquet, give me leave to add to it a collection of poems*, which perhaps you have not

* Poems and tranſlations, printed for Pemberton, 1714.

ſeen

ſeen; the publiſher has given me too much a place in it, but there are ſome pieces by other hands (particularly that on the duke of Marlborough *) which I need not fear to recommend to your peruſal. . . .

You ſee, Madam, my letter is a kind of viſit, which I am loth to conclude; but it is time to beg pardon, and to tell you that I am, with very great reſpect, Madam,

Yours, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

My humble ſervice to Mr. Bridges and Mrs. Sabet †. May I venture to point out to her a comment on that verſe ‡ in Deuteronomy, mentioned by her friend, the biſhop? I mean a letter ‖ in the *Spectator*,

* "A pindaric ode," by Mr. Somerville, author of the "Chace."

† Sarah-Elizabeth.

‡ Chap xxii, ver. 5. "The woman ſhall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, &c."

‖ On riding-habits for ladies.

vol. ii, numb. 104. I own it is mine, ſo that if there were any hereſy in it, I ſhall be a very perſiſting heretic if ſhe cannot convert me.

LETTER XLII.

NICHOLAS ROWE, Eſq; * to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, Covent garden, Oct. 22, 1716.

AS you were ſo good formerly to promiſe me a little of your poetical aſſiſtance, you can never give it me at a time when it will be more uſeful than now. I beg you would be ſo good as to think of ſome words for Mr. Eccles and the new year. The entertainment is not to conſiſt of above half an hour in time at moſt. Three or four airs, with ſome little recitative between, is what the compoſer will be glad

* Poet laureat to king George I, and well deſerving of the laurel for his dramatic writings. He was alſo ſecretary of the preſentations to lord chancellor Parker. He died Dec. 6, 1718.

of,

of. I need not tell you, you are the fitteſt man in the world for this occaſion, by your equal knowledge of muſic and poetry. I will only beg you now, for friendſhip's ſake, to have compaſſion on, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate and
faithful humble ſervant,
N. ROWE*.

* Conſidering the humane and friendly diſpoſition of Mr. Hughes, it is probable, that, in compliance with this requeſt, the new year's ode for 1717 was written by him. Though Cibber, moſt certainly, diſclaimed all aſſiſtance, it was not unuſual for his predeceſſors to call in auxiliaries on ſuch occaſions. The new year's ode for 1720 was, in like manner, written by George Jeffreys, eſq; at the requeſt of Mr. Euſden, his fellow-collegian, then poet-laureat.

" The above letter," ſays a very judicious writer, " does great honour to Mr. Hughes: it ſhews that " his parts were confeſſed, and at the ſame time his " capacity eſteemed, not only by thoſe who were the " beſt judges, but by thoſe, who, if his candour and " friendly turn had not been to the full as conſpicu- " ous as his abilities, would very probably have con- " ſidered him as a rival."

See " Biographia Britann." vol. iv, p. 2707.

LETTER

*LETTER XLIII.

Mr. NEEDLER * to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, London, June 15, 1717.

HAVING received your obliging letter, I went on Tueſday, according to appointment, to viſit Mr. Hughes; but, to my ſurpriſe, was informed, that he was very ill, and juſt fallen aſleep. He is, it ſeems, relapſed into his fever.

I returned home melancholy and diſappointed, reflecting upon the imperfection and uncertainty of all earthly happineſs. How many advantages (ſaid I to myſelf,) muſt concur in a ſingle perſon, to render him completely happy? Nature, virtue, and fortune, muſt each contribute their ſhare; and if any one of theſe fails to bring in its *quota*, his happineſs is lame and im-

* See letter xix, note †

perfect.

perfect. And how rarely do we find them all conſpiring to favour the ſame perſon? Suppoſe him endued by nature, with a clear underſtanding; by the principles of virtue, with piety, juſtice, and the moſt improved humanity; poſſeſſed of the eſteem and love of all that know him; yet if health be wanting; if a fever revel in his veins and exhale his ſpirits, how little taſte or enjoyment can he have of all the reſt*? The ſtoics indeed thought virtue alone ſufficient to happineſs; and thence concluded, that ſince it is in every man's power to be virtuous, it is alſo in every man's power to be happy. But, alas! every day's experience too clearly proves the vanity of this notion. Human life is liable to many miſeries, which all our virtue and prudence can neither prevent nor remedy. They may indeed, in ſome meaſure, contribute to ſupport and buoy us up under theſe fatal

* Of the truth of this obſervation, Mr. Needler himſelf was ſoon after a melancholy inſtance.—See letter xlvi.

calamities; but to remove them entirely, is beyond their power.

I am, Sir,

Your much obliged,

and moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

H. NEEDLER.

LETTER XLIV.

Mr. HUGHES to Biſhop HOADLY*.

MY LORD, London, July 12, 1717.

I Know not whether I am not to beg pardon for what † I ſend your lordſhip. It

* The beſt elogium on this great prelate (ſucceſſively biſhop of Bangor, Hereford, Saliſbury, and Wincheſter) is the liſt of his writings in defence of civil and religious liberty, communicated to the authors of "Biographia Britannica" by his ſon, the preſent chancellor of the dioceſe of Wincheſter. He died in 1761, aged 85.

† A pamphlet, entitled, "A layman's thoughts "on the late treatment of the biſhop of Bangor, in "the

was written (after a very imperfect manner) during a great indiſpoſition. Whether it was worth publiſhing, I cannot tell; and I think, however, I ſhould not deſire to be known to your lordſhip in it, but only to ſhew you, that (even under the uneaſineſs of a fever) I could not ſit ſtill, and think myſelf unconcerned, whilſt a perſon, whom I much honour, was ſo barbarouſly treated*.

" the charge made againſt him by Dr. Snape, and " undertaken to be proved by the biſhop of Carliſle " [Dr. Nicholſon.] In a letter to the biſhop of " Carliſle."

* Biſhop Hoadly's ſermon " on the nature of " Chriſt's kingdom," preached before the king March 31, 1717, having been attacked by Dr. Andrew Snape, the biſhop publiſhed an anſwer, in which, upon occaſion of a report ſpread by ſome perſons about the town, that he was put upon preaching that ſermon, to ſerve ſome political ends, he uſes theſe words; " God knows, I preached what I found there " [in the New Teſtament] without the knowledge " of any man living." This ſolemn and poſitive declaration was inconſiſtent with a ſtory that had been told Dr. Snape, namely, that the ſermon was preached with the knowledge, and ſubmitted to the

I heartily congratulate your triumph over your enemies, and wiſh you all the better

correction of a certain perſon, who adviſed the making alterations in it. Upon this, in his "ſecond "letter," he thus addreſſes himſelf to the biſhop; "I muſt needs ſay, your evaſive equivocal way of "writing ſavours very ſtrongly of ſuch communica-"tion, [that is, with a Jeſuit] and whether the ſame "perſon may not have helped you to a mental re-"ſervation to juſtify a ſolemn appeal to God, that "what you preached was 'without the knowledge "of any man living,' when a living man has teſtifi-"ed that it was preached with his knowledge, and "ſubmitted to his correction, your lordſhip beſt "knows." This was no ſooner publiſhed, than the biſhop of Bangor called upon Dr. Snape for the proof of what he had aſſerted; who preſently declared that he had received that account from Dr. Hutchinſon, who had heard the biſhop of Carliſle ſay, that he had ſpoken with the perſon who adviſed the biſhop of Bangor, upon reading his ſermon, to inſert ſuch words as "abſolutely, properly," &c. And that ſome days after, the ſame divine again aſſured him, that he had heard the ſame prelate a ſecond time declare that matter to be true, and that he would juſtify it to all the world. Upon this Dr. Snape drew up the paſſage, waited upon the biſhop of Carliſle, read it to him, and was allowed by him to publiſh it, with

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rewards due to your great virtue, goodneſs, and public ſpirit.

I am, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

an aſſurance that he would ſtand to it. This was the ſubſtance of Dr. Snape's advertiſement: to which the biſhop of Carliſle was perſuaded to add, "This is "true," though he afterwards declared that it was not ſtrictly ſo. However, being now called upon to name the "living man," who was to atteſt the truth of what he aſſerted, he fixed on Dr. Kennet, [dean of Peterborough] who, he declared, according to the beſt of his remembrance, was the perſon who told him, that the ſermon was preached with his knowledge, and ſubmitted to his correction; and that the Dr. adviſed and with difficulty prevailed to have the above-mentioned words inſerted. This was denied by Dr. Kennet, in the moſt ſolemn manner, in all his converſations, public advertiſements, and private letters to his friends, and even in his laſt will, ſo great was the impreſſion it made upon him.

See the "life of biſhop Kennet," p. 165, &c. and the "appendix" to it.

LETTER

LETTER XLV.

Mr. HUGHES to Lord Chancellor COWPER*.

MY LORD, September 27, 1717.

I HAD the pleaſure, before I left Hertingfordbury, of being informed by Mr. Hughes †, that your lordſhip had very kindly diſcourſed with him about me, and in ſuch a manner as lays me under the higheſt obligations. I eſteem every oppor-

* Sir William Cowper was appointed lord keeper of the great ſeal in 1705, was created a baron in 1706, and in 1707 was appointed lord chancellor, which poſt he held till the change of miniſtry in 1710. On the acceſſion of king George I, he was again appointed lord chancellor, and on his reſigning the great ſeal in 1717-18, he was created an earl. His public character is well known. His taſte and private virtues will appear from theſe letters. His lordſhip died in 1723. The preſent earl is his grand-ſon. The preamble to lord Cowper's patent, on being created an earl, being drawn up by Mr. Hughes, is added in the "appendix."

† Judge-advocate.

tunity

tunity your lordſhip has been pleaſed to allow me of waiting on you as a very great honour; but the generous concern you have expreſſed for my welfare, is a diſtinction I am proud of; and it is with pleaſure I can now think of every diſappointment I have met with elſewhere, if it is a means of giving me a place in your lordſhip's thoughts. I beg leave to ſay, that as every favour will be doubled to me, by the ſatisfaction of owing it to that hand from which I would moſt deſire to receive it; ſo the particular manner in which your lordſhip has thought of me, is what I ſhall eſteem a very great addition to it. I am ſure, it will always give me the ambition of appearing, in all poſſible inſtances of duty and reſpect,

My lord,

Your lordſhip's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES*.

* Soon after this, the lord chanceller (without any previous ſolicitation) appointed Mr. Hughes his ſecretary for the commiſſions of the peace.

LETTER

*LETTER XLVI.

Mr. Duncombe to Mr. Jabez Hughes*.

DEAR SIR, Woolwich, Feb. 24, 1717-18.

WALKING lately in a penſive humour by the river-ſide, while the billows were rolling at my feet, and the wind whiſtling through the neighbouring trees; the idea

* Younger brother of Mr. John Hughes, and, like him, a votary of the muſes, and an excellent ſcholar. He publiſhed, in 1714, a tranſlation of "The rape "of Proſerpine," from Claudian, and "The ſtory "of Sextus and Erictho," from Lucan's Pharſalia, b. vi, in 8vo. Theſe tranſlations, with notes, were reprinted in 12°. in 1723. He alſo publiſhed, in 1717, a tranſlation of Suetonius's "lives of the "twelve Cæſars," and tranſlated ſeveral "novels" from the Spaniſh of Cervantes, which are inſerted in "The ſelect collection of novels and hiſtories," printed for Watts, 1729. He died Jan. 17, 1731, in the 46th year of his age. A volume of his "Miſcella-"nies, in verſe and proſe," was publiſhed in 1737. His widow accompanied the lady of governor Byng to Barbadoes, and died there in 1740.

of

of our unfortunate friend, among a variety of melancholy objects, offered itſelf to my thoughts; whom I was always wont to think of, with extreme pleaſure; but now, O ſad viciſſitude! can never remember without the utmoſt anguiſh of heart.

"Thou didſt in vain (thought I,) em-
"ploy ſo many ſolitary hours in the purſuit
"of knowledge! Thou didſt in vain riſe
"up early, and watch 'till midnight, in
"order to enrich thy mind with the ſubli-
"meſt notions! Thou didſt in vain ſearch
"out the ſecrets of nature, and pry into
"the laws by which the mighty Maker of
"the world directs his actions; ſince thou
"haſt no ſooner obtained the object of thy
"wiſhes, but the dear purchaſe is raviſhed
"from thee, and all thy exalted ſpecula-
"tions are ſcattered into air!

"Surely man is made in vain! He reſt-
"leſsly moves about for a few years; and
"then (as it were,) vaniſhes, and is forgot-
"ten: thus a watery bubble ſhines with va-

" riety of gaudy colours, but is broken by
" the leaſt breath of wind.

" Before the ſtateſman can put his pro-
" jected ſchemes in execution, the naturaliſt
" go through his intended experiments, or
" the mathematician conquer his ſtubborn
" problems; they are either immaturely
" ſnatched away; or elſe their heads per-
" haps are diſordered, and their judgments
" ſhattered and unhinged; and thus the
" whole frame of their glorious deſigns is
" daſhed in pieces! How (ſaid I) can it
" conſiſt with infinite wiſdom and goodneſs,
" to create a being with ſuch excellent en-
" dowments and faculties; and then to cut
" him down, while he is yet green, and
" has not had leiſure to improve his powers,
" or to bring any thing to perfection?
" Does it not look like ſporting with the
" miſeries of his creatures, to give them
" juſt a glimpſe of happineſs, and then to
" plunge them into darkneſs?

Thus

Thus I ſhould have gone on complaining, had I not corrected theſe haſty thoughts by the conſideration, that this world is only the nurſery for a better; and that if we act, during the ſhort term of this fleeting life, agreeably to the will of that wiſe Being who has placed us here, we ſhall ſpeedily be tranſplanted into a more friendly climate, where we ſhall ſpread and flouriſh to all eternity. Though here,

The ways of heaven ſeem dark and intricate;

there, all our difficulties ſhall be ſolved; and the whole ſcheme of Providence appear to be the work of perfect goodneſs and conſummate wiſdom. We are apt fondly to over-rate theſe tranſient ſufferings, deluded by our vain imaginations: but that incomprehenſible Being, who beholds at once all things paſt, preſent, and future, forms a very different judgment concerning them. For what proportion can there indeed be between time and eternity? Or what can be more juſt than the reaſoning

of the apoſtle, were it regarded merely as the argument of a philoſopher? *For I reckon, that the ſufferings of this preſent time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which ſhall be revealed in us.* Rom. viii. 18.

I conſidered further, that God muſt be conceived acting as a wiſe, as well as merciful, Being; and that therefore he proceeds by general laws, and the moſt compendious methods; which, though they may ſometimes ſeem to occaſion leſſer irregularities, yet, upon the whole, exalt the divine attributes the moſt magnificently.

By theſe reflections I allayed, in ſome meaſure, the workings of my troubled thought: but, if a violent grief may ever be juſtified, the melancholy condition of ſo valuable a man and faithful a friend may ſurely claim the utmoſt tranſports! He was a diligent and unbiaſſed ſearcher after truth; always willing to ſubmit to its convictions, even "to the deſtruction of his own opi-"nions;" as Ariſtotle rightly teaches, a philo-

philoſopher ought. Indeed by an over-eager application to the ſtudy of the mathematics, (without intermiſſion or any recreation,) he increaſed at leaſt the pain, which, I greatly fear, will prove fatal to him! Let not, however, philoſophy ſuffer for the indiſcretion of any of her votaries. The tree of knowledge now yields fruit both pleaſant to the taſte, and uſeful for life; though it may be unwarily converted into poiſon, and prove our deſtruction.

The reflection on Mr. Needler's unhappy fate may be a warning to others, not to indulge themſelves with too much eagerneſs even in the purſuit of knowledge itſelf; but ſometimes to unbend their minds by innocent amuſements; conſidering that this world is deſigned for action, rather than ſpeculation. . . . . .

I am, with all ſincerity, Sir,
Your moſt affectionate, and
faithful humble ſervant,
WM. DUNCOMBE.

LETTER

LETTER XLVII.

Biſhop HOADLY to Lord CADOGAN *.

MY LORD, April 19, 1718.

IF I did not know your readineſs to oblige, I would not trouble you in this manner. Mr. Hughes, whom your lordſhip was formerly inclined to ſerve, upon my recommendation, is in fear of loſing a pretty good place, which the late lord chancellor had but juſt given him, viz. "the office of ſecretary to "the commiſſions of the peace." I cannot forbear to intercede with you, that you would be ſo good as to write a letter by him,

* This nobleman, who had ſerved with great reputation under the duke of Marlborough, being ſecond in command of the Engliſh forces, was, a few days after the date of this letter, created an earl, with limitation of the barony to his brother, the preſent lord: he was then juſt ſetting out on an embaſſy to Bruſſels, where he made his public entry on the king's birth-day, and in 1720 ſigned the quadruple alliance. He died in 1726.

before

before you leave England, to the new lord chancellor, if he be not fixed, to engage him to continue Mr. Hughes in the ſame office. He is worthy of all your regard, a firm friend to the adminiſtration, a very ingenious man, and exceedingly beloved by all that know him. I hope, you know me enough to think I would not mention any thing to you which I did not eſteem it for your honour to intereſt yourſelf in. And therefore I again intreat this of you.

I am glad of this opportunity of congratulating you upon your new honour; of wiſhing you a good voyage, all ſucceſs, and every thing equal to your wiſhes, and to your merit; and above all, a ſafe and happy return to us; and of aſſuring you that I am, with a reſpect and gratitude equal to the obligations I have received from you,

My lord,

Your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

BENJ. BANGOR*.

* The above was not delivered, for the reaſons aſſigned in letter fifty.

LETTER

LETTER XLVIII.

Mr. Hughes to Earl Cowper.

MY LORD, London, May 1718.

THough I cannot help joining with the general voice in lamenting, with much concern, the loſs the public has ſuſtained in your lordſhip's quitting that great truſt, which never has, nor can be placed in more worthy hands than your lordſhip's; yet I think it my duty, at the ſame time, to congratulate your lordſhip on your being honourably eaſed from a very great burden; the conſtant fatigue of which muſt have made it uneaſy, and might have proved prejudicial to your health. Your lordſhip has been ſeen to act in every thing with that prudence, mature thought, and equal temper, that, I am ſure, the reſolution you had taken muſt have been founded on the beſt reaſons; and I moſt zealouſly and ſincerely wiſh your lordſhip all the ſatisfaction in the conſequences of it which you can expect or deſire. I never

I never can expreſs to your lordſhip the half of what I feel, as often as I think of your very generous and diſtinguiſhing favours to me; all the circumſtances of which will ever leave on my mind the moſt grateful impreſſions. I eſteem that ſhort ſpace of my life, in which I had the honour to attend your lordſhip, as one of the happieſt parts of it; and if I cannot avoid, on this occaſion, having a proportionable concern, yet to your lordſhip, who has ſhewn ſo very humane and tender a regard to my welfare, I think myſelf obliged in duty to declare, that I have no regret for any conſequences to myſelf, ſo much as of that being deprived of the ſatisfaction of being near your lordſhip, and the frequent opportunities of being honoured with a converſation filled with goodneſs and condeſcenſion, and every thing that could render it valuable and agreeable.

I wiſh your lordſhip increaſe of health and happineſs, and with the moſt duti-

ful regards to your lordſhip and my lady Cowper,

I am, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER XLIX.

Earl COWPER to Lord Chancellor PARKER*.

MY LORD, May, 1718.

OF the many that were loſers by my reſigning the great ſeal, I ſhall venture to recommend but one gentleman to your lordſhip, the bearer, Mr. John Hughes, who ſerved for ſome little time in the office of ſecretary for the commiſſions of the peace; and I ſhould not do that, but for two reaſons; the one, that he hardly ſerved long enough to make him amends for preparing himſelf to execute that truſt; the other, that I am convinced, from the little

* Created earl of Macclesfield in 1721. He held the great ſeal till the year 1724, and died in 1732. The preſent earl is his grandſon.

time

time he did ſerve, that your lordſhip, if you continue him in that ſervice, will thank me for having recommended him; and your ſo doing will be alſo a very great obligation on, my lord,

Your lordſhip's
moſt obedient humble ſervant,
COWPER.

I moſt heartily wiſh your lordſhip much joy.

*LETTER L.

Mr. HUGHES to Biſhop HOADLY*.

MY LORD, June 2, 1718.

I WAS in hopes I ſhould have waited on your lordſhip before this time, otherwiſe I had not ſo long delayed returning you my hearty thanks for the letter you favoured

* Since the publication of the firſt edition, this letter has been very obligingly communicated to the editor by Mr. chancellor Hoadly.

me with to my lord Cadogan *. I had indeed no opportunity of making uſe of it; and my lord Cowper being in town the next day, I found his care of me had made any other way of application unneceſſary. The kind part which I have obſerved, on this and other occaſions, my friends take in my welfare and ſucceſs, is one of the greateſt ſatisfactions I have ever known in life; and among thoſe friends I have great reaſon to place your lordſhip with the foremoſt; your conſtant good-will and kindneſs to me being what I eſteem as a real happineſs, and an honour I ſhall always prefer to the approbation of thouſands.

I am going now to confeſs to your lordſhip a theft which gave me very great pleaſure. After the time was elapſed for the delivering your letter, I took off the cover, and ſtole a reading of that which you did well to ſpare my bluſhes by not letting me ſee before. I found there what at once touched

* See letter xlvii, p. 186.

my

my heart, and tried my philoſophy, how I could bear, without vanity, ſo warm a recommendation, not only above what I deſerved, but beyond what I could have expected even from your lordſhip's known zeal and hearty manner of ſerving thoſe you think kindly of. May you always perſiſt in thinking ſo partially of me; and I promiſe you, I will do my beſt never to undeceive you!

I am, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LI.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD, Auguſt 15, 1718.

HAVING juſt met with the incloſed verſes, which have been but lately diſperſed, I think them ſo very good, that I could not deny myſelf the pleaſure of ſending them to your lordſhip, who perhaps may not yet have

have ſeen them. I am informed they were written by Mr. Welſted, a gentleman I have heard mentioned by Sir Richard Steele, as a promiſing genius; and who has written ſome few ſhort poems before, but is little known*.

It was a double mortification to me, that my illneſs prevented my paying my duty to your lordſhip when you were lately in town. I am going next week to get a recruit of Surry air, and to try the daily exerciſe of a horſe on the downs, which I hope will qualify me in a little time for a journey into Hertfordſhire.

* If Mr. Welſted had written nothing elſe, or, at leaſt, if he had not offended Mr. Pope, by his "Triumvirate" and other ſatires, he would ſcarce have been pilloried in the "Dunciad," in that celebrated parody on Sir John Denham,

"Flow, Welſted, flow, like thine inſpirer, beer,
"Though ſtale, not ripe; though thin, yet never clear;
"So ſweetly mawkiſh, and ſo ſmoothly dull;
"Heady, not ſtrong, and foaming, though not full."

I think

I think I have found two good pictures which will fit the places your lordſhip would have ſupplied, and which your lordſhip may have at any time, if you approve them. I ſaw the pictures mentioned by Mr. Woodford, but do not think there are any your lordſhip would like. . . . . .

I am, my lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

The GENIUS.

An ODE, written in 1717, on occaſion of the Duke of Marlborough's lethargy.

1.

AWFUL hero, Marlbrô, riſe!
Sleepy charms I come to break;
Hither turn thy languid eyes;
Lo! thy Genius calls; awake!

2.

Well ſurvey this faithful plan,
Which records thy life's great ſtory;
'Tis a ſhort but crowded ſpan,
Full of triumphs, full of glory!

3.

One by one thy deeds review!
Sieges, battles, thick appear;
Former wonders, loſt in new,
Greatly fill each pompous year.

4.

This is Blenheim's crimſon field,
Wet with gore, with ſlaughter ſtain'd!
Here retiring ſquadrons yield,
And a bloodleſs wreath is gain'd.

5.

Ponder in thy godlike mind
All the wonders thou haſt wrought;
Tyrants, from their pride declin'd,
Be the ſubject of thy thought!

6.

Reſt thee here, while life may laſt:
Th' utmoſt bliſs to man allow'd,
Is to trace his actions paſt,
And to own them great and good.

7.

But 'tis gone—O mortal born!
Swift the fading ſcenes remove—
Let them paſs with noble ſcorn;
Thine are worlds which roll above.

8.

Poets, prophets, heroes, kings,
Pleas'd thy ripe approach foreſee;
Men, who acted wond'rous things,
Though they yield in fame to thee.

9.

Foremoſt in the patriot band,
Shining with diſtinguiſh'd day,
See, thy friend, Godolphin, ſtand!
See! he beckons thee away.

10.

Yonder ſeats and fields of light
Let thy raviſh'd thought explore;
Wiſhing, panting for thy flight,
Half an angel, man no more!

LETTER LII.

Earl COWPER to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR, Colegreen *, Aug. 9, 1718.

I GIVE you many thanks for yours of the 5th inſtant, with the excellent verſes of an uncommon kind. It puzzled us here in the country to reconcile the 3d ſtanza, which prepares for a particular enumeration of the duke's actions, with the 4th, which mentions only two, and no more are enumerated after. But, I take it, the genius is ſuppoſed, after mentioning "Blen-"heim," to ſee in the plan "the bloodleſs "wreath," and thinking that now moſt fit for the duke to dwell upon, alters his de-

* Near Hertford.

ſign of pointing to his deeds one by one, and proceeds immediately to give him the exhortation which follows. 'There is one Mr. Welſted, reader of the Charter-houſe, who is ſaid to have wit in converſation: I cannot tell whether he, or another, be the Welſted you mention as the author.

If the learned have adviſed you to take the air on the downs of Surry, as particularly good for your caſe, I have nothing to ſay, but ſubmit, and hope you'll believe there is good reaſon for that advice; but if otherwiſe, I wiſh you had tried Hertfordſhire air at firſt, where you and your horſe ſhould have been very welcome: or you might have uſed any of mine, if they pleaſed you better. It is certain you cannot do better than to uſe gentle riding. I will only deſire leave to add to the preſcription, that you will admit of as much idleneſs and vacancy from hard thinking, as you poſſibly can. I moſt earneſtly wiſh you perfect ſucceſs, and am, Sir, Your obliged humble ſervant,

COWPER.

LETTER LIII.

Hr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD, London, Aug. 12, 1718.

WITH the greateſt ſatisfaction I return your lordſhip my moſt humble acknowledgments for the honour of your letter, and am extremely glad the verſes I ſent were ſo acceptable. This has given me occaſion to enquire after what I could farther meet with from the ſame hand, and thought now to have ſent your lordſhip the author's firſt fruits. I find he mentions an "ode to the king," which I am ſorry I cannot yet procure. The perſon your lordſhip has heard of, though a man of "wit "in converſation," will not be ſuſpected, among thoſe who know him, for panegyrics of this kind; his ſentiments and principles being of a different turn. What I have heard of this gentleman is, that he is a young man whom Sir Richard Steele ſome

time ago profeſſed to patroniſe and encourage, and uſed to recommend among his acquaintance. I find the "verſes on the "duke of Marlborough" are hitherto very little diſperſed; and I wiſh the author were acquainted with your lordſhip's very juſt remark on the 3d and 4th ſtanzas. Perhaps placing the 3d ſtanza after the 4th might obviate the objection.

Your lordſhip's very kind invitation is the beſt recommendation to me of Hertfordſhire air, and will engage me to ſhorten my intended ſtay in Surry. I am extremely happy in having leave to increaſe a debt, which it will be always the higheſt honour and pleaſure to me to own. And if any thing could make me more partial yet to my own welfare, it is that your lordſhip does me the honour to expreſs yourſelf concerned in it. I am, with all poſſible ties of duty and zeal,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER

LETTER LIV.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD, Colegreen, Sept. 25, 1718.

I HAVE great reaſon to think it will be a ſatisfaction to your lordſhip to have ſome account of the progreſs of my health ſince your lordſhip's going to town. I thank GOD, my fever is quite off, (I hope paſt danger of a return,) and I am as much better for the time as can poſſibly be expected. I have recovered a tolerable appetite, and feel an acceſſion of ſtrength every day. As I cannot but have the utmoſt regard to all your lordſhip's commands, which are ſo kindly intended for my good, I have not changed my lodging, but am going on here in a regular courſe of few medicines, and moderate exerciſe; and have good encouragement to hope I ſhall ſoon ſatisfy my doctor, that this air is not leſs reſtorative than the downs of Surry.

And

And now that I have time to look back on my paſt ſuffering, I am very much concerned and aſhamed at the trouble I gave your lordſhip: but when I recollect the experience I had, on that occaſion, of your lordſhip's exceeding humanity, and the inexpreſſible relief it was to me, under extreme pain, and apprehenſions of the worſt conſequences, my heart is melted, and it is not in the power of words to ſhew the ſenſe I have of it. I can truly ſay, that, after a long courſe of ill health and misfortune, which had almoſt made me indifferent to every thing, it was your lordſhip's very kind notice of me, that firſt made life more deſirable; and I ſhall think it one of the greateſt pleaſures of it, while it laſts, to employ it in all the returns of duty and thankfulneſs to your lordſhip, which are within my poor ability. I beg that (with my humble duty) my lady Cowper may know how troubleſome a gueſt I have been, and that, though it happened in her ladyſhip's abſence, I have not wanted any thing neceſſary or convenient. I have begun

gun to call in muſic in aid of my cure, and ſometimes have tried the harpſicord, but it will make no harmony in the abſence of that hand it has been uſed ſo abſolutely to obey. I wiſh your lordſhip much proſperity in your new habitation *, and am, with very many obligations,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LV.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD,

I SEND you a ſmall piece of hiſtory †, ſo exceedingly well written, and by ſo honeſt

* In Lincolns-inn-fields.

† "The hiſtory of the revolutions in Portugal. By "the Abbé Vertot. Printed for Samuel Buckley, 1712." To this curious piece of hiſtory, (written in a very particular manner, and with equal vivacity of ſtyle and ſentiment) Mr. Hughes did ſo much juſtice, that the

a pen, that I preſume it will not be unacceptable to your lordſhip, even in the tranſlation. I do not ſet my name to it, but your lordſhip is ſo many ways entitled to every thing in which I am concerned, that I am glad to take any opportunity of expreſſing my grateful ſenſe of all your favours, and with what profound veneration I am, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LVI.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD, Oct. 25, 1718.

..... HAVING mentioned to your lordſhip a dialogue * in the manner of Lu-

the tranſlation was as well received in England as the work itſelf had been in France. See "Jacob's lives "of the poets, vol. i, p. 81." By ſome accident, it was not publiſhed till after Mr. Hughes's death.

* "Æſculapius, or the hoſpital of fools." This is juſtly eſteemed not inferior to any thing tranſmitted to us from the ancients.

cian,

cian, written by Mr. Walſh, I ſend the "miſcellany*" in which only, I think, it was ever printed. I have indeed ſome difficulty in putting a book into your lordſhip's hands, in which the publiſher has given me too large a ſhare, and inſerted ſome trifles of mine which were very young performances. But I can, without reſerve, recommend the "ode on the duke of Marl-"borough," which, I believe, your lordſhip will think is a very fine piece of poetry. I am informed, it was given to the publiſher by Sir Samuel Garth, from a hand that would be concealed †. That of Prior's ‡ I look upon to be one of his beſt perfor-

* Poems and tranſlations, printed for Pemberton in the year 1714.

† This ode was written by Mr. Somerville, author of the "Chace."

‡ Imitated from "Horace, book iii, ode 2," and written in the year 1692. This ode is in honour of king William, but when Mr. Prior publiſhed his poems (as above-mentioned) he had changed his opinion of men and meaſures.

mances, though, (for what reaſon I know not) he has omitted it in the late edition of his poems. There is likewiſe a ſhort "ode "of Horace" (to Mæcenas) which, I remember, was tranſlated many years ago by Mr. Gilbert *, (now chief baron in Ireland) and I think is done with very great elegance and correctneſs. I believe, theſe, and ſome few others in this collection, may be entertaining, though your lordſhip never wants employment for your leiſure hours. I find, the town is in expectation of my play † this winter, which awakens in me the fears of an author, though I have endeavoured to make it more pardonable by ſome alterations ‡. But I am undetermined about it, till I have the honour to wait on my lady Cowper. When her la-

* See letter ix, p. 37. note *.

† The "Siege of Damaſcus."

‡ Theſe alterations were inſiſted on by the players, with a fantaſtic view of exalting the character of Phocyas; but that of Eudocia is in the ſame proportion

dyſhip thinks it may ſeaſonably appear upon the ſtage, I ſhall think ſo too, and not before; and could only wiſh that the juncture, which, on other accounts, is ſo much deſired, and could beſt favour it, were at hand.—But I beg pardon for the length of this letter, and am, with the greateſt regard and duty, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LVII.

Earl COWPER to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR, Colegreen, Nov. 2, 1718.

I BEGAN to be in fear for you; but I thank you for comforting me by yours of the 25th of laſt month, by which I find you as well as you can expect, on firſt co-

tion degraded, her violent reſentment, and utter rejection of her lover, being, as the play now ſtands, unreaſonable. The original plan is added in the appendix.

ming to the air of London. I am, on farther conſideration, ſtill more aſſured, that the thing you principally have to attend to, is the endeavouring to breed as little phlegm as poſſible, which, I gueſs, muſt be taking care of your digeſtion, by all the means you can think of. I deſire you to believe me, when I tell you, that you are the firſt I ever ventured to write to advice of this kind; I believe it is becauſe I find more motives than uſual to wiſh you a long and proſperous life. The miſcellanies you are ſo kind as to ſend me, pleaſe me in more places than you recommend. I perfectly agree with you in what you think of the "ode on the duke of Marlborough," and I muſt confeſs, I taſte Dr. Pope's "ballad*,"

* "The Saliſbury ballad, with the learned com-
"mentaries of a friend to the author's memory,"
written by Dr. Walter Pope, author of the "Old
"man's wiſh," who lived with Dr. Ward, then bi-
ſhop of Saliſbury. "This poem (ſays the editor)
"was given me in manuſcript by my worthy friend
"Anthony Henley, eſq; who uſed to call it his fa-
"vourite, for the humour and ſimplicity of it, and
"its

as my acquaintance Mr. Henley * did. My wife ſaith, ſhe is much obliged to you for the compliment you make to her on the ſubject of your play, and that ſhe ſhall be ready to ſpeak with you upon it whenever you pleaſe.

I am, with great truth,
Sir, your very faithful humble ſervant,
COWPER.

LETTER LVIII.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD, November 4, 1718.

I CANNOT but take the firſt opportunity to acknowledge the very welcome

" its delicate raillery on the Dutch commentators. I " think, indeed, his judgment was as right in that, " as it was in every thing elſe relating to poetry and " criticiſm."

* Of the Grange in Hampſhire, grandfather to the preſent earl of Northington.

favour

favour I received yeſterday of your lordſhip's letter, as the greateſt pleaſure I have taſted ſince my coming to town. I look upon my fears to trouble your lordſhip with an account of myſelf ſooner as part of my diſtemper, which, for ſome days, had given me apprehenſions I was unwilling too haſtily to make known to your lordſhip; having obſerved that my illneſs came upon me in the ſame manner, and with the ſame ſymptoms, as laſt winter: but, I thank God, thoſe apprehenſions are now removed; my illneſs being very much abated for about a week, ſo that I have been able to go abroad; and the continual waſting by phlegm being moderated, I find that my ſtrength daily increaſes; ſo that I am convinced, that your lordſhip judges very truly of my caſe, and I cannot be enough thankful for your kind advice. I ought likewiſe to acquaint your lordſhip, that I have followed the exerciſe you were pleaſed to recommend, with ſome benefit already, and am in hopes of farther ſucceſs.

ceſs. It would be very idle in me to trouble your lordſhip ſo frequently with the hiſtory of my infirmities, if I had not experienced, with the greateſt delight, that to the favours for which I am indebted to your lordſhip, you are pleaſed to add ſo great a ſeaſoning of tenderneſs, that I cannot but eſteem this beyond all other obligations; and I ought, in duty, to let your lordſhip know, that your intention in it, of doing me good, is not without its effect; for I have never found any cordial ſo reviving to my ſpirits, as this has been, and always is, to my mind.

I am, with the greateſt gratitude,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER

LETTER LIX.

JOHN ALLEN, Eſq; * to Mr. DUNCOMBE †.

Dublin, Eaſter, 1719.

——I WILL venture to affirm that the paſſion we call pity, is in no part of the creation but the two-legged animal; the tenderneſs and care of beaſts and birds to peſerve their brood is quite out of the queſtion, and I begin to think the effects you contend for are hardly natural, I am ſure they are very inconvenient:

> Since pity is accompany'd with pain,
> Why ſhould I eaſe by your affliction gain?

* Only ſon of John Allen, eſq; of Gretton in Northamptonſhire. His agreeable wit, elegant manners, and polite converſation, endeared him to perſons of the firſt rank in king Charles the ſecond's court, particularly the duke of Buckingham, the earl of Dorſet, and Sir Charles Sedley, with whom he lived in the greateſt intimacy. He died at Dublin in 1720, aged 75.

† See letter xix, note *.

It

It would pleaſe me to hear of madam Gyllenborg * and her ſweet child †. I fancy her count is in ſome danger, ſince king George has reached baron Gortz at Stockholm ‡.

You make ſlight of Ormond's giving us a viſit. It is well if you are prepared for him; for, I believe, he will have the man-

* Niece to Mr. Allen, firſt married to Elias Deritt, eſq; deputy of the great wardrobe, and after his death to count Gyllenborg, ambaſſador from Sweden.

† Miſs Deritt, who was afterwards created by the queen of Sweden counteſs Gyllenborg, and married baron Sparre.

‡ Immediately after the death of Charles XII. at Frederickſhall, December 11, 1718, baron Gortz, his prime-miniſter, was arreſted, tried, and executed at Stockholm, being charged by the ſenate with all the oppreſſive meaſures of the late reign. Having been deeply engaged in the Swediſh conſpiracy againſt George I, in the year 1716, baron Gortz, at the deſire of that prince, had been arreſted at the Hague, and at the ſame time count Gyllenborg was ſeized and ſent out of England.

ners to ſee our betters firſt. But, for your comfort, no king and parliament were ever beaten; I mean entirely ſubdued; unleſs I am miſtaken in Richard III. I think I am not; the parliament, I believe, was not ſitting when Richmond landed.

When I was young, I admired M. Dacier as much as you can do, and perhaps deſpiſed Scaliger more. I have lived to change my mind, and am almoſt of the contrary opinion.—What ſort of play is that which has for name "Buſiris, king of Egypt*?" Under what difficulties muſt an author bring himſelf, who takes his ſubject as high as the contemporary of Hercules? The "Chit chat †" is come to us with a cha-

* A tragedy by Dr. Young.

† A comedy by Thomas Killegrew, eſq; gentleman of the bed-chamber to the prince of Wales. So ſtrongly was the author's intereſt ſupported by his friends, that the profits were ſaid to have amounted to upwards of a thouſand pounds.

"Companion to the playhouſe," vol. i.

racter

racter it by no means deſerves. How could it find audiences for ten days? The writer of "Raleigh *" is ſomething of a ſcholar, and has a great deal of good diction, but is by no means a "play-writer." But I write to you what you ſhould write to

Your affectionate humble ſervant

J. ALLEN.

LETTER LX.

Mr. ALLEN to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

Dublin, May 19, 1719.

I Believe, your ingenious friend, who ſays, I was born *melioribus annis*, means only that I am an old man; and he is in the right, *Vixi cum quibus*, modeſtly ſays Horace: but in another place,

——— *Me*
Cum magnis vixiſſe, invita fatebitur uſque
Invidia ———

* "Sir Walter Raleigh," a tragedy, by Dr. Sewell.

I cannot help remarking, that though he writes to the great Mæcenas, he neither means him, nor any of the court of Auguſtus, but Brutus and the true lovers of liberty. . . . . .

I ſhould be mightily pleaſed with what Mr. Hughes has eſſayed upon Lucian *, and have a value for what I know of him, I wiſh alſo to ſee the French Œdipus †.

* "Charon, or the ferry-boat, a viſion," firſt printed in the year 1718, with a dedication to the "Swiſs Count" [Heidegger,] which, from prudential reaſons, was omitted in Mr. Hughes's works, though it contained a ſatirical viſion, not leſs entertaining and inſtructive than the little piece to which it is prefixed. It is therefore inſerted in the "appendix" to this work. Mr. Garrick's dramatic ſatire, called "Lethe," (firſt acted in 1748) ſeems formed on the model of Mr. Hughes's "Charon."

† By M. de Voltaire. This tragedy was written in 1714, when the author was but nineteen years of age. "You remember (ſays he, in a letter to the Abbé d'Olivet, dated in 1761,) "I was bold enough "to attempt the terrible ſubject of Œdipus about ſeve n and forty years ago." It was played for the

firſt

The man who arrogantly contemns the ancients, will eaſily be brought to defy the gods. Though, I think, there are as ſhocking expreſſions in Sophocles and Dryden. "Buſiris" is reprinted here. Nothing can be more like thoſe monſtrous ſcenes than thoſe monſtrous hangings. I will only add what the moſt correct Virgil ſays on the ſubject,

Quis illaudati neſcit Buſiridis aras?

Yet, I muſt own, I approve "the tall "white plume, like a high-wrought "foam." That burſts out like Homer or Milton. But the man this new writer ſeems to imitate is Dr. Blackmore; whether by choice, or chance, I know not. The celebrated "moon-ſimile" is ſcandalouſly ſtolen from Lee's "Mithridates," and ſomewhere from Mr. Addiſon.

firſt time at the end of the year 1718, and ran five and forty nights. Du Frêne, a celebrated actor, and of the ſame age with the author, played the part of Œdipus, and madam Deſmarêts, an excellent actreſs, performed that of Jocaſta, and ſoon after quitted the ſtage. Both Father Folard and M. de la Motte have ſince treated the ſame ſubject.

Look-

Looking for ſome papers laſt night, I found a few lines written on an annually-returning occaſion (now at hand) which makes the attempt a little difficult. King George was born, in 1660, the day before the 29th of May, the reſtoration of king Charles the ſecond. The whole epigrammatic force is, "One is better than t'other." There is hiſtory enough for the birth of Alexander, and the burning of Diana's temple.

Helper divine, Diana, here on earth,
Neglects all objects for young Ammon's birth,
Anxious from ſtately Epheſus retires,
And leaves her temple to devouring fires.
So, whilſt our bleſſing yet lay unreveal'd,
A happy burden in the womb conceal'd,
Sophia was the charge of every ſtar;
No leſs employ was Providence's care:
Britannia lab'ring, with convulſions torn,
Charles could not be reſtor'd, till George was born.

J. ALLEN.

*LETTER LXI.

Earl COWPER to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR, Colegreen, May 31, 1719.

I WAS very ſorry for my ill fortune, when calling yeſterday at Hertingfordbury to wait on you, and obtain the favour of your company at dinner with me, I found you were juſt gone for London: but I was concerned extremely, when I was told you had been ſo ill, that you deſigned to reſt at Waltham-croſs, and make two days journey of it. If the weather prove hot again, I believe you ſhould get your attendance excuſed for this Trinity term, and be quiet ſomewhere in a clear air. As I told you, I dare not ſollicit you, leſt it ſhould prove to your hurt; but you may be aſſured, I cannot know a greater pleaſure than to have your company, and do you good.

I am, with the moſt perfect reſpect,

Sir, your faithful humble ſervant,

COWPER.

LETTER LXII.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD, Londor, June 2, 1719.

AFTER a ſhort unſucceſsful trial of the air, in which I have been followed with ſome bad viſits of my old fever, I returned to town this afternoon in tolerable good health, and met with a very welcome cordial, your lordſhip's kind letter. I am often out of countenance, when I reflect how much trouble my almoſt conſtant indiſpoſion occaſions to my friends; but the truly affectionate part your lordſhip condeſcends to take in what relates to me and my little concerns, is no ſmall ſupport to me under it, and one of the greateſt ſatisfactions I have to think upon in life. I moſt heartily return your lordſhip thanks both for your advice and invitation. As I hope to ſpend but little of this ſeaſon in town, I believe I am under a neceſſity of having recourſe to aſſes

aſſes milk, and the air of Carſhalton, to which I am adviſed, and where I found great benefit the laſt year: but having more of the ſummer now before me, I hope I ſhall be able, in ſome time, to wait on your lordſhip in a better ſtate of health than I have hitherto done, and to improve it with the pleaſures of Colegreen, of which I cannot help thinking as a ſort of home, ſince I am always ſure to meet there with the greateſt indulgence, in the kindeſt of patrons and beſt of friends.

I am, my lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LXIII.

Mr. HUGHES to Lord Chancellor PARKER.

MY LORD,

WHILST your lordſhip's time has been ſo much engaged, I durſt not allow myſelf to break in upon it with any trifles

of mine; but now you will have ſome receſs, I ſhall be proud if your lordſhip will let this ſmall poem * wait on you for an audience, at ſome leiſure hour in the country. It was written ſeveral years ago, when I had better health, for endeavours of this kind, than for ſome time of late, and was publiſhed at the particular inſtance of Mr. Addiſon, for whoſe judgment, I know, your lordſhip has a very juſt eſteem: and as my friends have perſuaded me to think this the moſt pardonable of my errors in print, I could not but be deſirous of making it known to your lordſhip, who, perhaps, may not have ſeen it at its firſt publication.

The greateſt incitement to attempts of this kind (which have always ſomething ambitious in them) is the approbation of

* "An ode to the Creator of the world, occa-"ſioned by the fragments of Orpheus;" printed for Tonſon in the year 1713, and reprinted in Mr. Hughes's "poems," vol. ii, p. 79. This is mentioned with applauſe in the "Spectator," vol. vii, numb. 537 and 554.

perſons

perſons of the firſt character in the age. Your lordſhip's extenſive genius has not more made you a judge of all the various improvements and productions the mind of man is capable of, than your goodneſs and humanity incline you to be an encourager of whatever is praiſe-worthy, or has even the merit of being well attempted. I cannot, on this occaſion, but applaud my own happineſs, in the ſtation I have the honour to be placed in, which gives me the pleaſure of contemplating ſo many great talents, and ſuch excellent virtues. And it is a double ſatisfaction to me to think, that I owe the favour I have received from your lordſhip, not only to the recommendation of your lordſhip's great and worthy predeceſſor, (to whom I have the higheſt obligations) but likewiſe to your own free and ready inclination; ſo ready and generous, as to meet my requeſt, and almoſt prevent my aſking. So valuable a circumſtance in your lordſhip's favourable regard to me, at firſt, and your conſtant kindneſs

ſince, will engage my utmoſt zeal to approve myſelf, my lord,

Your lordſhip's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LXIV.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

Part of a letter.

MY LORD, London, June 20, 1719.

. . . . SINCE my laſt to your lordſhip, my fever has been pretty ſevere, and has wholly confined me to my own houſe, but is at laſt abated, by the drinking of aſſes milk twice a day, after the bark had failed; ſo that I think I am now on the mending hand, but have not yet been fit for any journey farther than to Earl's-court *. In a week or ten days, I hope to remove farther, and purſue the moſt probable methods to which I am directed for my recovery.

* Sir Richard Blackmore's.

I con-

I condole with your lordſhip the loſs of that fine genius Mr. Addiſon *. I ſhall often now think of that topic, from which Lucretius draws a very elegant reproof to a common undiſtinguiſhed perſon, who bewails himſelf on the ſhortneſs of life and the certain proſpect of death:

Lumina ſic etiam Solis bonus Ancu' reliquit,
Qui melior multis quam tu fuit, improbe, rebus.
Adde repertores doctrinarum atq; leporum,
Adde Heliconiadum comites ——
Tu vero dubitabis & indignabere obire?

Dryden, as I remember, has finely tranſlated this, but I cannot recollect the lines †.

* He died at Holland-houſe near Kenſington, in the 54th year of his age, three days before the date of this letter.

† They are as follows:

" Ancus, thy better far was born to die,
" And thou, doſt thou, bewail mortality ‡?
" The founders of invented arts are loſt,
" And wits who made eternity their boaſt.
" And thou, doſt thou, diſdain to yield thy breath,
" Whoſe very life is little more than death?

‡ Mr. Pope has borrowed theſe two lines in his

" tranſlation

I am not capable of writing your lordſhip any particulars of the action in Scotland *, not knowing any thing but by the

" tranſlation of the Iliad," b. xxi, ſubſtituting only " Patroclus" for " Aneus," in the ſpeech of Achilles to Lycaon.

* Among other ſchemes of Alberoni, one was to procure a diverſion of the troops from England to the north of Scotland, where a detachment of 300 Spaniards were to land with ſome of the rebel lords [Seaforth, Marſhal, and Tullibardin] who were to head their clans and followers there in a rebellion; and for that purpoſe they brought with them arms for 2000 men. The Spaniſh lieutenant-colonel, who commanded this detachment, being aſſured that he would be joined by 2000 rebels in arms as ſoon as he landed, finding himſelf diſappointed, was for returning in the frigates that brought him. A few of the clans, however, joined him, and they pretended to defend two paſſes, that of Glenſhill and that of Strachell, againſt major-general Wightman, who was advancing at the head of a body of regular troops to diſlodge them, which he did (June 10) with an inconſiderable loſs. Next day, the Spaniſh party ſurrendered themſelves priſoners at diſcretion, and delivered up their arms; and thus ended this attempt, the ſucceſs of which depended chiefly on that of the invaſion of England, which

public news. I wiſh your lordſhip and family much health, and am, with the greateſt zeal, my lord,

Your lordſhip's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

I have not been able to obey my lady Cowper's commands in ſeeing Sir Godfrey Kneller; but can aſſure her ladyſhip that the book in the picture is taken care of.

LETTER LXV.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD, Wallington*, Auguſt 30, 1719.

I AM extremely obliged to your lordſhip and lady Cowper for many kind enquiries

which had before been defeated by a violent ſtorm which diſperſed and diſabled the Spaniſh fleet of men of war and tranſports (with the duke of Ormond and 6000 troops on board) off Cape Finiſterre.

"Mod. univ. hiſt." vol. xv, p. 561-2.

* Near Carſhalton, the ſeat of Mr. Bridges.

after

after my health: I wiſh I had been in a condition ſooner to have given your lordſhip ſome account of it, but indeed I have been brought ſo low with my aſthma, and a continual lurking fever, and have lain ſo long in a languiſhing ſtate, that I cannot ſay, till very lately, I have had any thoughts of a recovery; and I am ſenſible it is ſtill very uncertain; ſo that, at beſt, I do not now flatter myſelf ſo much with the hopes of being well, as of moderating my diſtemper ſo as to be tolerably ill; which, in chronical caſes, of ſo long continuance as mine, is the moſt, I believe, that can reaſonably be expected.

I have been very deſirous to make the experiment of this air, which is many ways recommended to me, and of gentle exerciſe: and theſe I have looked upon as my laſt reſerve. But I had unhappily loſt the greateſt part of the ſummer, before I was able to bear being removed to this place. I have now been here about three weeks, and found even ſo ſmall a journey a fatigue, which,

which, together with a cold I ſoon got, renewed my fever, ſo that, at firſt, I was worſe for the change: however, I have now been ſeveral times on horſeback, ſometimes better, and ſometimes worſe, after it; but, upon the whole, I have gained an appetite, and ſome degree of ſtrength; with this little ſtock, I am trading on as cautiouſly as I can, and ſhould be in more hopes of increaſing it, if I had not long found my native climate too like that artificial one of 'Change-alley, (which, I think, has its name very properly,) ſo that what I have gained one week, I frequently loſe the next, and very often can as little tell why.

. . . . Among many ſatisfactions I am denied by my unhappy circumſtances, it is with great uneaſineſs, I find myſelf deprived of the hopes I had once entertained of ſeeing Hertfordſhire again this ſummer; and indeed I do not find my philoſophy more fail me in any article, or leave me to regret the want of health more, than when I reflect on thoſe favours of your lordſhip,

which have rendered it chiefly deſirable to me, and which, more than any thing, would give reliſh to the enjoyments of it. But I muſt ſubmit to my lot, with the ſatisfaction that I can ſay, I have been happy; and I agree with my friend Horace, that he has had no ill portion,

——— *Cui licet in diem*
Dixiſſe, Vixi *.

But for the reſt, viz. his recommending a total unconcern for what may happen to-morrow, it is a fine thought, but, I believe, was written in perfect health. May your lordſhip, and your family, long enjoy that, and every other ſatisfaction of life; which no one more ardently wiſhes, than

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

* Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own;
He who, ſecure within, can ſay,
To-morrow do thy worſt, for I dave liv'd to-day!
Dryden.

LETTER

LETTER LXVI.

Earl Cowper to Mr. Hughes.

SIR, Colegreen, Sept. 22, 1719.

I WOULD not anſwer the favour of yours of the 30th of laſt month ſooner, becauſe every trouble muſt be very diſagreeable to you, in your weak condition; and if receiving a letter be but a little one, yet writing, eſpecially in the manner that you do, muſt be too much exerciſe of your ſtrength, and I know you to be ſo good as to reckon yourſelf in debt from the time of your receiving one: but rather than do you the leaſt harm, unleſs you mend much in point of health, I will acquit you for three lines.

It was a great pleaſure to hear by Mr. Hughes*, you were a little better ſince my receipt of yours: I would adviſe you therefore to carry your hopes yet a little beyond

* Of Hertingfordbury, Judge-advocate

the condition of being "tolerably ill;" though you find yourself ſometimes worſe after riding, not to be diſcouraged, but to perſevere, if you are able: nothing can ſerve you effectually but that, and the eating within the appetite it procures you, that you may well digeſt what you eat; and how tempting ſoever a cordial is to the faint, touch none but after dinner. I am confident, I am guilty of repetition, and that I have ventured to write to this effect before; but I am very ſolicitous in this matter, and therefore I truſt you will excuſe me, if I preſs upon you, over and over, the rules, I am ſure, I have lived by for ſome years paſt.

I am of your opinion, that your friend Horace's "unconcern for the morrow" was a rant, written in good health, when he had reaſon to believe the morrow would be agreeable: 'tis all that can be deſired, from one under ſickneſs, to keep from a degree of dejection, which will help to increaſe the diſtemper.

Mr.

Mr. Hughes tells me you have made conſiderable alterations in your play: It would add to my ſatisfaction in ſeeing it repreſented, if I found you were there, and well enough to bear the lamps during the action. . . . . .

'Tis impoſſible to hinder ſelf-love from mixing with every thing; and I fear, if I call myſelf to a true account, the ſenſible diminution of the pleaſure I had, by your company, in my retirement, adds to the concern I ſhould otherwiſe have (though very great) for my friend's ſufferings.

I am, with the trueſt affection and greateſt reſpect, Sir,

Your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

COWPER.

LETTER

LETTER LXVII.

Mr. Duncombe to Mr. Allen.

DEAR SIR, London, Nov. 5, 1719.

M. Fontenelle, in one of his dialogues*, mentioning the difference between barbarous nations and thoſe which are accounted polite, makes it to conſiſt in this, that the latter generally take care to varniſh their actions with ſpecious pretexts, though, in reality, they have no more juſtice and integrity than the former. "Whoever would "ſtrip Europe of her formalities," ſays Montezuma, who is one of the interlocutors, "would render her very like America. "Civility meaſures all your ſteps, dictates "all your ſpeeches, intricates all your diſ-

* Of the dead. A tranſlation of this work was publiſhed by Mr. Hughes in 1708, to which are added two original dialogues, the one between Lucius Junius Brutus and Auguſtus Cæſar, and the other between Empedocles and Lucilio Vanini.

"courſes,

" courſes, and perplexes all your actions,
" but does not enter into your hearts; and
" all the juſtice which ſhould be in your
" deſigns, is found only in your pretexts."
But if the religion, whoſe livery that gentleman is obliged to wear, would have given him leave to ſuffer his Indian to ſpeak out, he might have produced inſtances of more notorious violations of the laws of humanity by the refined and well-bred Europeans, without the maſk of plauſible pretexts, than can be paralleled among the wildeſt clans of rough barbarians, who, taught by nature, inviolably obſerve that golden rule, *Quod tibi fieri non vis, alteri ne feceris.* Witneſs the many ſlaughters and the wide deſtruction of the poor helpleſs Indians by the bloody Spaniards; witneſs the Pariſian and Iriſh maſſacres; and, above all, the fatal blow that was this day intended to be given; when, according to the notions of the conſpirators, (ſuch was their charity!) king, lords, and commons were to have been plunged " quick into
" hell," without one moment's reſpite for repen-

repentance. On ſuch occaſions, who can forbear crying out with the poet,

What dire effects from ſuperſtition flow!

I have been told by a friend, that he has ſeen ten or twelve Jews, at a time, burnt alive at Liſbon, merely for the ſake of their religion; while the people were rejoicing and triumphing round the kindled pile, and tauntingly exclaiming, "Now you are go-"ing to the Devil!" And yet the very ſame perſons might be ſeen to relent, and ſhew tokens of compaſſion, at the execution of a common malefactor. So far has the prieſt prevailed over the principles of nature and humanity!

It is amazing how men can be made to believe, that the common Father of all, (who rejoices in all his works, elſe he would not have created them, or at leaſt would ceaſe to uphold them in being,) can be delighted with the deſtruction of his children, and pleaſed to ſee his divine ima-

ges

ges defaced; and that the ſource and centre of goodneſs and mercy can be atoned by human victims, and the blood of their brethren! How much preferable are the dictates of pure uncorrupted nature to the religion of ſuch chriſtians! The God they frame to themſelves more reſembles a Baäl or a Moloch, whoſe ears were delighted with the cries of miſerable victims, than that Being, whoſe darling attribute is mercy!

The emperor Marcus Antoninus finely ſays; "If the queſtion be put to us, what "is our art or profeſſion? our anſwer ſhould "be, To do good. As God made the "world, not for his own good, (ſince he "was infinitely happy before,) but for the "good of his creatures; ſo our religion "muſt neceſſarily be this, To do good to "his creatures; for therein we concur "with the will of God." But the preposterous religion of theſe men ſeems to conſiſt in the unravelling of God's workmanſhip, at leaſt as far as it lies in their power, and in deſtroying all their fellow-

creatures, whoſe minds are not caſt exactly in the ſame mould with their own. For they cannot intend their conviction by ſuch abſurd methods. Force may indeed make hypocrites, but can give no new light to the underſtanding. As ſoon may a fit of the gout be removed by a ſyllogiſm, or a violent fever by a demonſtration in Euclid, as the mind be illuminated by fire and faggot. "Such premiſes," as one pleaſantly ſays, "infer no concluſion, but that of a "man's life." And if you terrify a man into a profeſſion of what he does not believe, "inſtead of erecting a trophy to GOD," as an ingenious author obſerves, "you will only build a monument for the "Devil."

But for my farther opinion on this ſubject, I refer you to the late excellent archbiſhop Tillotſon's ſermon, preached on this day's ſolemnity, 1688. . . . .

. . . . . Mr. Cibber has lately publiſhed a play, (altered ſome years ago from the

"Cid"

" Cid" of Corneille, and entitled the " He-
" roic Daughter,") which he has dedicated to Sir Richard Steele, whom, among other topics of praiſe, he commends for his humility in ſubmitting to be aſſiſted by another great author, (plainly deſigning the late Mr. Addiſon,) and by that means, letting him into a ſhare of fame with him. The daubing ſycophant tells him, that " he " may fairly apply to his ſingular conduct " what Anthony ſays of Octavius, in ' All " for Love ;'

" Fool that I was! upon my eagle's wings
" I bore this wren, till I was tir'd with ſoaring,
" And now he mounts above me."

On this occaſion the following lines were written, extempore, by one who has an odd fancy that Cibber and Steele are inferior to Corneille and Addiſon:

Thus Colley Cibber greets his partner Steele *;
" See here, ſir knight, how I've outdone Corneille!

* They were at that time joint patentees.

" See here, how I, my patron to inveigle,
" Make Addiſon a wren, and you an eagle!
" Safe, to their ſilent ſhades we bid defiance,
" For living dogs are better than dead lions."

I am, Sir,
Your very affectionate nephew *,
W. DUNCOMBE.

LETTER LXVIII.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD, Wallington, Nov. 6, 1719.

IT is now ſome time ſince I had the honour of your lordſhip's laſt letter, and not-

* Mr. Duncombe's mother was Mr. Allen's youngeſt ſiſter. He had three other ſiſters, the eldeſt of whom was married to George Fulford, eſquire, of Fulford, in Devonſhire, the ſecond to John Wright, eſq; of Knightſbridge, in Eſſex, attorney-general of Jamaica in 1685, and the third, firſt to Sir John Tyrrell, bart. of Springfield-hall in Eſſex, and, after his death, to Sir Thomas Stampe, knight, lord-mayor of London in 1692.

withſtan-

withſtanding your indulgence in ſo kindly excuſing me from writing, when you think it would be a fatigue to me under my illneſs, yet I am aſhamed to own the date of it. I have been unwilling to let you know, that I have been worſe than when I wrote laſt, and have not at any time ſince been able to ſay, I have been better, which is what I waited for; only I think I have gained a little ſtrength of late, after ſeveral ſhocks of my fever, and that my aſthma is not quite ſo bad as it has ſometimes been. I am now preparing to leave this place, yet not being in a condition to bear the town, I have fixed my ſtation, for a time, to be in my old lodgings at Iſlington, having found that the moſt beneficial of any air near the town: ſo that I hope I may be able to get over this winter, as I have done ſome others; but I fear it will be moſtly within doors.

I find, in every inſtance of goodneſs from your lordſhip, my obligations increaſing; and I beg leave to ſay (if poſſible) my gratitude

titude and affection. Your advice has an advantage over that of other phyſicians, for it carries a cordial with it. I am glad I can ſay, that the rules your lordſhip recommends, are what I have carefully followed for ſome time. I avoid all ſtrong cordials, eſpecially in a morning, drink very little wine, have left off malt liquors, and keep to a regimen, which, I hope, in time may do me ſervice. But I fear I am for ſome time a broken horſeman, having, with all the care I could take, ſuffered more by colds caught in riding, than I have gained by the air and exerciſe,

I have finiſhed the alterations of my play, and, I believe, ſhall be determined, by the expectations of the town, to let it take its fortune on the ſtage, having had ſome aſſurance from the players, that they will take care of it without my attendance. I ſhall beg leave ſhortly to aſk your lordſhip's and my lady Cowper's advice, in particular, relating to this affair, with which

which I will not trouble your lordſhip at preſent. I am, with all poſſible zeal,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LXIX.

Mr. HUGHES to the Counteſs COWPER*.

MADAM,

AS ſoon as I was informed, that your ladyſhip had done me the honour to enquire after my play, I reſolved, unfiniſhed as it is, to get it tranſcribed, and rather to ſend it imperfect than omit the very firſt opportunity of putting it into your ladyſhip's hands; there being nothing I ſhould more wiſh to its ſucceſs, than to have the pleaſure of ſeeing it grow up under ſo happy and illuſtrious a patronage.

* This lady (who was the earl's ſecond wife) was the daughter of John Clavering, eſq;

I look

I look upon it, madam, as a very fortunate omen, that the perſon to whom I was moſt deſirous to introduce it, ſhould ſo generouſly afford me an opportunity of doing what I had before aſpired to. My nameſake * will acquaint you, that, when I began this ſmall amuſement, I flattered myſelf with the ſecret hope of making it, when it ſhould be finiſhed, an humble offering to your ladyſhip. You have therefore, madam, if I may preſume to ſay it, been already a kind of muſe to this work; and I have written it under the influence of an ambition to pleaſe my lady Cowper. This, indeed, is owning a great deal; and if I have not been able, after all, to make it worthy of ſuch a diſtinction, yet I remember a remark of M. Fontenelle, "that in many "things we ſhould not proceed ſo far as "we do, if we did not, to animate our "endeavours, propoſe to ourſelves an ima-"ginary point of perfection, which is "indeed beyond the reach of our utmoſt "abilities."

* Edward Hughes, eſq; of Hertingfordbury.

But

But your ladyſhip has laid an obligation upon me, the generoſity of which I can never ſufficiently acknowledge, in your entertaining, implicitly, ſo favourable an opinion of this performance, and its author, as to think of reading it to that great and royal perſon *, to whom nothing comes more advantageouſly recommended than by your ladyſhip. The merit of the chief character † in this play is, as your ladyſhip will obſerve, raiſed on that kind of virtue for which her royal highneſs is ſo illuſtriouſly diſtinguiſhed, an unſhaken adherence to her religion. But farther than this I have not preſumed to attempt, the circumſtances of the ſtory not allowing it to be a parallel character. I have therefore

* The princeſs of Wales, afterwards queen Caroline. Lady Cowper was one of her ladies of the bedchamber. The offer that was made to her highneſs (when princeſs of Anſpach) of an alliance with the archduke Charles (afterwards the emperor Charles vi) and her refuſing it, the condition annexed being a change of religion, are well known.

† Eudocia.

only done as painters do when they draw a Helen or Venus, they ſingle out ſome real object of beauty for their ſtudy; and though they vary the likeneſs, and do not pretend to draw the exact picture of that, or any other particular perſon, yet it ſerves them to raiſe and improve their own ideas. I am extremely ſenſible of the great honour your ladyſhip does me, and ſhall always endeavour to approve myſelf, with the utmoſt zeal,

Madam, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LXX.

Mr. HUGHES to the Counteſs COWPER.

MADAM,

THE concern your ladyſhip was pleaſed to expreſs for my intereſt, when I had the honour to wait on you yeſterday, and the caution you were pleaſed to recommend to me

me not to hurt it, is ſo generous, that I cannot but think it deſerves my particular acknowledgments. I have thought of it ſince with that dutiful regard I ſhall always have to your ladyſhip's ſentiments, and am only ſorry that I am ſo far fruſtrated of my firſt deſign, as not to be at liberty to attempt (as I intended in the epilogue) to draw a very great character, of which I have only offered at ſome faint ſhadows in one part of the play. But if I muſt deny myſelf this ſatisfaction, for fear of offending, yet I cannot part with that other which has been my chief ambition in preparing this work for the public, the pleaſure of addreſſing it to your ladyſhip *. May I be forgiven, if I own farther, that I have a ſecret vanity in aſking this, at a time when your ladyſhip's virtues, and diſintereſted adherence to them, are at once the ornament and reproach of the age? It would be doing myſelf too much honour to believe it poſſible, that the reſentment of any per-

* This tragedy was, however, dedicated to earl Cowper.

ſons, on ſuch an occaſion, could deſcend to me. But if it ſhould, I have weighed the conſequences of that too, and, in the few proſpects I have, the greateſt ſatisfaction I know in life, is the care not to omit any of the material duties of it; among which I eſteem the owning my obligations to your ladyſhip. I ſhall therefore have the greater pride in obtaining your permiſſion to lay hold of this firſt opportunity that offers, of expreſſing to the public ſome part of the ſenſe I have of thoſe obligations, and with what duty I am, Madam,

Your ladyſhip's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LXXI.

Mr. HUGHES to ROBERT WILKS, Eſq;*

SIR, Iſlington, Nov. 24, 1719.

I Deſired Mr. Mills ſometime ago to acquaint you and the reſt of the managers,

* Of this celebrated actor (who, it is allowed, has had no equal in genteel comedy) Cibber ſays, "that

that I had juſt finiſhed the alterations of my play. Though I have met with many

" that if he was not the moſt correct or judicious,
" yet (as Hamlet ſays of the king his father) 'Take
' him for all in all, &c.' he was certainly the moſt
" diligent, moſt laborious, and moſt uſeful actor
" that I have ſeen upon the ſtage in fifty years."

Apology, &c. p. 408.

And to his moral character an excellent moraliſt bears the following teſtimony: " Mr. Wilks, what-
" ever were his abilities or ſkill as an actor, deſerves
" at leaſt to be remembered for his virtues, which
" are not often to be found in the world, and per-
" haps leſs often in his profeſſion than in others. To
" be humane, generous, and candid is a very high
" degree of merit in any ſtate; but theſe qualities
" deſerve ſtill greater praiſe when they are found
" in that condition which makes almoſt every other
" man, for whatever reaſon, contemptuous, inſolent,
" petulant, ſelfiſh, and brutal."

Life of Savage, p. 16.

Sir Richard Steele, Wilks, Booth, and Cibber were at this time joint managers and patentees of the new theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields. Mr. Wilks died in September, 1732. Pope ſays, on that occaſion, in a letter to Gay, " The death of Wilks leaves Cib-
" ber without a collegue, abſolute and perpetual

" dictator

interruptions by my illneſs, I have now completed what I deſigned, and given it all the finiſhing I am able. As it is now modelled, I think there is nothing left which may hazard the ſucceſs of it. But I hope I may ſay farther, that I have conſiderably improved it, and that in other places, beſides the chief incident. I have alſo retrenched whatever lines could be ſpared, to ſhorten it, without obſcuring the ſtory, or hurting the ſenſe. And now finding the town in expectation of it, and the demands of my friends (and of ſome great ones) preſſing upon me, I am willing it ſhould appear on the ſtage, though my bad health, which has hitherto interrupted it, makes me incapable of attending it. To this, I aſſure you, nothing more encourages me than my dependence on you, and your friendſhip, which I promiſe myſelf on this occaſion; and I ſhall believe, that, though I cannot be preſent, yet under your care

" dictator of the ſtage, though indeed, while he lived, " he was but as Bibulus to Cæſar."

and

and direction nothing can be wanting to give it the utmoſt advantages. Mr. Southerne has the copy, and will deliver it to you very ſhortly: he is ſo generous as to offer me any aſſiſtance in ſupply of my abſence, and will, whenever it may be neceſſary, attend the rehearſals. I make you no compliment, but that of my real opinion, when I aſſure you, that I think no one can more truly touch all the tenderneſs of heart and variety of paſſions in the character of Phocyas than yourſelf, and that I ſhall have a particular pleaſure in your taking that part. That of Caled is a bold theatrical one, and is the real character of a man who appears very great and terrible in the hiſtory of thoſe times. Mr. Booth would give it a very great ſtrength and luſtre; as Mrs. Oldfield would add all the grace and beauty poſſible to the part of Eudocia. Mr. Mills, I believe, will like that of Abudah, and the good-nature of the part makes it very fit for him *. But theſe matters I hope to be able

* The parts, however, were, it ſeems, very differently caſt, the good-natured Mr. Mills performing the

to ſettle with you very ſhortly; and as ſoon as I can bear to lie a night or two in town at my own houſe, I will let you know, and aſk the favour of ſeeing you there on a Sunday evening, or ſome time that may be convenient to you. In the mean time, I beg you will let the play be copied out, and put into a forwardneſs, that no time may be loſt.

I am, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LXXII.

Mr. WILKS to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR, Nov. 30, 1719.

I COULD not ſo properly anſwer your obliging letter, 'till I had received your play, which Mr. Southerne put into my hands laſt

the part of the fierce and cruel Caled, Mr. Wilks Eumenes, Mr. Booth Phocyas, Mr. Thurmond Abudah, and Mrs. Porter Eudocia.

Saturday:

Saturday: we are now very buſy about his "Spartan Dame*," which we propoſe to launch ſome day next week. Nothing in my power ſhall be wanting to put yours in the utmoſt forwardneſs; and I do aſſure you, Sir, I am concerned, on a double account, that your ill ſtate of health has interrupted it ſo long. When I have the

* This play was written "before" the revolution, but was never permitted to be acted "before," though the author had often ſollicited for leave.

"Britiſh theatre," p. 111.

"By the favour of indulging friends," as the author expreſſes it in his preface,) this play ſucceeded on the ſtage beyond expectation.—It was indeed inimitably acted, Booth, Wilks, Cibber, Mills ſen. Mrs. Oldfield, and Mrs. Porter, all performing in it, in the height of their reputation, and the full vigour of their powers. Mr. Southerne cleared, it was ſaid, 500l. by it: and, in his dedication, he told the duke of Argyle, that "it had procured him ſo large a "poetical eſtate of reputation, that he could afford "to pay his grace part of the debt that he owed him, "out of the income of it." Mr. Allen told the author, five and twenty years before, that it would never ſucceed, but on reading it again, "found it "very different (he ſaid) from what it was then."

pleaſure of ſeeing you (which I hope will be ſoon) I ſhall be glad to take your farther inſtructions about it.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

ROB. WILKS.

LETTER LXXIII.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. ALLEN.

DEAR SIR, London, Dec. 22, 1719.

YOU may remember I promiſed you a criticiſm upon an "ode of Horace" by Mr. Hughes. That gentleman has ſince made me a more valuable preſent, viz. "a beau-"tiful ode in alluſion to it," which will let you into the ſenſe of it in a more agreeable manner than a mere criticiſm could have done. The ode I mean is the 20th of the iid book. As Horace has inſcribed it to Mæcenas, lord Cowper is Mr. Hughes's patron, who will be allowed, by all equal judges,

judges, to be a greater man than the former appears to have been by any authentic proofs in hiſtory; and as Horace was the beſt lyric poet of his time, Mr. Hughes may, without flattery, be reckoned of the living lyric poets *facile princeps*. He is one of thoſe few ——

—— Quibus arte benignâ
Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan;

and ſeems to have been formed (to borrow an agreeable metaphor from the late archbiſhop of Cambray) " by the hands of the " graces." He ſtands diſtinguiſhed by his ſkill in muſic and drawing, as well as by the ſmiles of the muſes who preſide over poetry and the other parts of polite literature.

Becauſe it is poſſible, that Horace may not be in your company when you receive this letter, I will, in the firſt place, tranſcribe ſome lines of the original, and briefly conſider how they have been generally underſtood by commentators.

Ad MÆCENATEM.

Non uſitatâ, nec tenui ferar
Pennâ biformis per liquidum æthera
Vates: neque in terris morabor
Longius; invidiâque major

Urbes relinquam. Non ego, pauperum
Sanguis parentum, non ego, quem vocas
Dilecte, Mæcenas, obibo;
Nec Stygiâ cohibebor undâ.

Jam jam reſidunt cruribus aſperæ
Pelles; et album mutor in alitem
Superne; naſcunturque leves
Per digitos humeroſque plumæ.

Jam, Dædaleo ocior Icaro, &c

The chief diſpute has been whether *dilecte* is to be joined with *Mæcenas*, or to follow *vocas* in the ſenſe of *O dilecte*. Some take it the former way, and then they underſtand *vocas* to ſignify the ſame with *vocas ad cœnam*, as it is uſed by Catullus and other Latin writers. But M. Dacier rejects this ſenſe (I think with reaſon) as unworthy of Horace, and fitter for a paraſite than a polite writer. He, therefore, and others, conſtrue

conſtrue it the latter way; but then all the uſe they make of it, is, that they ſuppoſe Horace "inſinuates to Mæcenas in an a-"greeable manner," (as M. Dacier expreſſes himſelf) that he was not unworthy of the affection and tenderneſs his patron teſtified for him, in calling him, "my dear, my "life," and in uſing other expreſſions of the like import, ſince he was ſo excellent a poet, and ſhould be crowned with immortality. So that the whole deſign of Horace, according to theſe gentlemen, is to be the herald of his own praiſe, and modeſtly to acquaint Mæcenas, (if you will allow a modern phraſe) what a "very pretty fel-"low" he was. The learned Dr. Bentley's fruitful genius has diſcovered a ſenſe, of which, I believe, none of his predeceſſors ever thought, and he delivers it with the authority of an oracle. His words are ſo very remarkable, that I cannot forbear tranſcribing them:—

"*Quid multa? ſine dubio ſic conſtruendus*
"*eſt locus*, 'non ego, non ego obibo, quem
'vocas

"vocas Sanguis pauperum parentum.' *Hîc "nihil jam ineptum; hic pulchrè habet anti-"theſis*, 'non ego quem pauperis libertini "filium vocas, obibo: neque paupertas "neque ignobilitas generis obſtabit, quo "minus ſempiternum nomen ex ſcriptis "meis conſequar."—

But notwithſtanding this triumph, the doctor can ſcarce believe, that the good-natured Mæcenas could in earneſt upbraid his beloved Horace with his being born "*patre libertino*;" and therefore, to ſolve the matter, he conjectures that he muſt only ſpeak it jocularly; or rather, (according to the laudable maxim, *poſito quolibet ſequitur quodlibet*,) that thoſe blundering rogues the tranſcribers have made a miſtake here, and that, inſtead of *vocas*, we ought to read *vocant*; which, by the help of *ſubintelligitur nominativus*, and an emphatical *ſcilicet*, ſignifies, that the enemies and maligners of Horace upbraided him with the meanneſs of his parentage.

Mr.

Mr. Hughes takes this ode to be only a genteel compliment to Mæcenas, and, in ſhort, no more than this; that though he was deſcended from obſcure parents, yet, ſince Mæcenas had honoured him with his friendſhip, and treated him with ſo much tenderneſs and affection, he was above envy, and ſecure of immortality. And the "*non uſitatâ pennâ*" in the firſt ſtanza, the "*jam jam*" in the third, and the "*jam*" in the fourth, all confirm this ſenſe. It is indeed ſo plainly the drift of the ode, that when it has been once pointed out, we are ready to wonder (as the Spaniards did at Columbus's breaking the end of the egg, and making it ſtand upright,) how any one could miſs it. And yet I do not remember to have met with any commentator, who has placed it in this light. But I will no longer detain you from the pleaſure of reading Mr. Hughes's ode.

ODE

ODE

To the Lord Chancellor COWPER.

In alluſion to Horace, book ii, ode 20.

1.

I'M rais'd, tranſported, chang'd all o'er!
Prepar'd, a tow'ring ſwan, to ſoar
Aloft; ſee, ſee the down ariſe,
And cloath my back, and plume my thighs!
My wings ſhoot forth; I now will try
New tracts, and boldly mount the ſky,
Nor envy, nor ill fortune's ſpite,
Shall ſtop my courſe, or damp my flight.

2.

Shall I, obſcure, or diſeſteem'd,
Of vulgar rank henceforth be deem'd?
Or vainly toil my name to ſave
From dark oblivion and the grave?
No—he can never wholly die,
Secure of immortality,
Whom Britain's COWPER condeſcends
To own, and numbers with his friends.

3.

'Tis done—I ſcorn mean honours now;
No common wreaths ſhall bind my brow.
Whether the muſe vouchſafe t'inſpire
My breaſt with her celeſtial fire;
Whether my verſe be fill'd with flame,
Or I deſerve a poet's name,

Let

Let fame be ſilent; only tell
That generous COWPER loves me well.

4.

Through Britain's realms I ſhall be known
By COWPER's merit, not my own:
And when the tomb my duſt ſhall hide,
Stripp'd of a mortal's little pride,
Vain pomp be ſpar'd, and every tear;
Let but ſome ſtone this ſculpture bear,
" Here lies his clay, to earth conſign'd,
" To whom great COWPER once was kind."

As averſe to vanity as I hope I am, I cannot but be pleaſed with the favourable opportunity of adding my name after that of ſo diſtinguiſhed a patriot, and fine an orator, which is given me by being,

Sir,

Your moſt affectionate nephew,
and humble ſervant,
W. DUNCOMBE.

Mr. Hughes's " Siege of Damaſcus" is now in Drury-lane houſe, and will come on in about a month's time. He is at a

loſs for a good "governor *," and wiſhes Elrington had been here.

You may perhaps wonder that I ſay not a word of the applauded "Spartan Dame." The author bears the character of a courteous, well-natured gentleman, and is likewiſe one of Mr. Hughes's friends; and therefore I am ſilent.

LETTER LXXIV.

Mr. HUGHES to the D. of BUCKINGHAM †.

MY LORD, [London, Jan. 1719-20.]

I TAKE the liberty, by the hands of Mr. Rotherham, to ſend your grace the copy of a play now in the houſe, and in a forwardneſs to be acted: I heartily wiſh I had

* "Eumenes."

† A man of uncommon wit and ſpirit, and of no leſs gallantry and politeneſs. He cultivated an early acquain-

been favoured with an opportunity of ſubmitting it to your grace's peruſal ſooner, which might have been much to my inſtruction and advantage; but I cannot, even now, ſatisfy myſelf, without being ambitious of having the opinion of the beſt judge of the age. I know not how it has happened to ſo great a lover of poetry (though a very ſmall dealer in it) as myſelf, to be always a perſonal ſtranger to your grace; but I muſt beg leave to ſay, on this occaſion, that your excellent *Eſſay on Poetry*, which I often read and ſtudied when a boy, was one of the firſt pieces that both inſtructed me to write and deterred me from it; ſo that I have not made this adventure for the ſtage till an age of life, which is uſually thought not too young

acquaintance with Dryden and other men of genius, to whom he was indebted for a much greater ſhare of reputation than was derived from his perſonal merit.

" Granger's biograph. hiſt. vol. ii, part 2, p. 493."

His grace died Feb. 24, 1720-21, aged 77.

for judgment, if that be ever attained, nor paſt the warmth of fancy. And now, looking upon it as a ſort of poetical debt to lay it before your grace, as the eldeſt, as well as the beſt, critic of our Engliſh poetry, I can truly ſay, that the mixed applauſe of an audience (if I were ſure of it) will not give me ſo ſolid a pleaſure, as to know, that it has, in ſome degree, your grace's approbation.

I am, with the greateſt reſpect,
My lord, &c.
JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LXXV.

Mr. POPE to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, Twickenham, Jan. 22, [1719-20.]

YOUR letter found me, as I have long been, in a ſtate of health almoſt as bad as that you complain of; and indeed what makes me utterly incapable of attending to any

any poetical taſk, even that of Homer. This minute too I can ſcarce return you the civility of an anſwer, being in the full operation of a vomit I have taken. I can only ſay, with ſincerity, I am heartily concerned for your illneſs, and the more uneaſy with my own, in that it hinders me from ſerving you. I truly wiſh you health and life, to enjoy that reputation and thoſe advantages which ſo much ingenuity, joined with ſo much virtue, deſerves. As ſoon as I am able to be in town, I will wait on you with the play, in which, and in every thing elſe, I wiſh you all ſucceſs.

I am, dear Sir,
Your faithful and
moſt obedient ſervant,
A. POPE.

LETTER

LETTER LXXVI.

Mr. HUGHES to Earl COWPER.

MY LORD, Red-lion-ſtreet, Jan. 22, 1719 20.

I HUMBLY beg your lordſhip's acceptance of this picture *, which I had ſent ſooner, but that I received it not till lately from Sir Godfrey, with a caution to take care of it for ſome time, the drapery not being quite dry. I am the more emboldened to preſent it, the hand being Kneller's, and (as he ſays, and other good judges of painting think) not one of his worſt performances. It is impoſſible I can place it in any hands ſo much to my own pleaſure and ſatisfaction as your lordſhip's, if it may but ſerve to remind you of one, on whom you have beſtowed the moſt generous and engaging favours: and I am very deſirous, that

* This picture is at Colegreen. A good print was engraved from it by Gerard Vandergucht, and prefixed to Mr. Hughes's poems.

what-

whatever happens to me, I may have the honour to have ſome memorial of me remain in your lordſhip's family; to which I have ſuch great and particular obligations. I am, with all poſſible zeal,

My lord, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LXXVII.

Earl COWPER to Mr. HUGHES.

SIR, Jan. 24, 1719-20.

I THANK you for the moſt acceptable preſent of your picture, and aſſure you that none of this age can ſet a higher value upon it than I do, and ſhall while I live; though I am ſenſible poſterity will out-do me in that particular.

I am, with the greateſt eſteem and ſincerity, Sir, Your moſt affectionate and obliged humble ſervant,

COWPER.

I intend

I intend to wait on you very quickly, if I hear you are well enough to be troubled with me.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Hughes.

DEAR SIR,

I RETURN you the play ſooner than I am willing to part with what I like ſo extremely well, becauſe you preſs it. Upon my word, I think it every way worthy of you, and make not the leaſt doubt but the world will do you the juſtice you deſerve in the acceptation of it. I continue very much out of order, but muſt be forced to be in town (well or ill) ſome days this week, upon indiſpenſable affairs; when I will wait upon you, and tell you my ſincere thoughts, none of which is more ſincere than that I am truly, Your moſt obliged and moſt faithful ſervant,

A. POPE.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIX.

JOHN MERRILL, Eſq*; to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, Golden-ſquare, Feb. 1719-20.

THOUGH it is a long time ſince I had the pleaſure to ſee you, yet I believe you have heard from ſome of both our friends, that I have not forgot frequent enquiries after a health that ſhared my warmeſt wiſhes; and I have, with the greateſt concern, heard of the illneſs you labour under, and am very ſorry it is to ſuch a reaſon I owe the loſs of the very great ſatisfaction

* At this time member of parliament for Tregony, and afterwards for St. Albans. He died in December 1734. Lord Bathurſt, in a letter to Dr. Swift, dated November 22, 1735, mentions him in the following manner: "I have loſt the trueſt friend, I "may almoſt ſay, ſervant, that ever man had, in "Mr. Merrill; he underſtood the courſe of the re-"venues, and the public accounts of the kingdom, "as well, perhaps better, than any man in it, and, "in this reſpect, he was of ſingular uſe to me."

I ſhould have had in marking the beauties as well as reading the words of your play; which came to me in ſuch an unlucky time, that I cannot ſay I have read it, though the hour or two I have taken from my ſleep to look upon it, makes me aſhamed to own I have not improved the opportunity your friendſhip gave me of ſo agreeable an entertainment, which I hope to make myſelf ſome amends for by a greater attention when it appears in public, whoſe favour, I believe, you will have little occaſion to aſk by your friends, if the houſe have taken care to caſt the parts as they ought; for the novelty, that ſecures the firſt audience, will, I doubt not, be ſo many friends to increaſe the ſucceeding ones to your wiſhes. . . . .

I am glad of every occaſion to expreſs the ſincere eſteem and friendſhip with which

I am, &c.

J. MERRILL.

LETTER

LETTER LXXX.

Mr. HUGHES to the Duke of NEWCASTLE*.

MY LORD, Feb. 4, 1719-20.

THOUGH I am ſo weak as to be forced to make uſe of another hand to write, having for a long time lain under a dangerous illneſs, yet your grace's generoſity is ſo extraordinary, that I cannot forbear returning you my moſt humble thanks for your protection and recommendation of my play to the care of the actors, and your zealous encouragement of it, which I eſteem as a very great honour. This is the more generous, and worthy of your grace, in regard that I have given up this play to the importunity of my friends, and the expectation of the town, at a time when I am

* His grace was then lord chamberlain. After filling moſt of the higheſt offices of ſtate under three princes with the utmoſt integrity and ſteadineſs of principles, he died Nov. 17, 1768, aged 75.

not capable of looking after it myſelf, or ſoliciting its intereſt, and when I cannot ſo much as ſee it acted. If I recover, I ſhall, with the greateſt pleaſure, take the firſt opportunity of waiting on your grace with my thanks in perſon, and ſhall ever retain the moſt grateful ſenſe of your favour to

Your grace's, &c.

JOHN HUGHES.

LETTER LXXXI.

Mr. POPE to Mr. HUGHES.

DEAR SIR, Twickenham, Feb. 18, 1719-20*.

I HAVE been much concerned not to have waited upon you as I deſigned, ſince you obliged me with your play. I am ſince much more troubled to hear of the continuance of your illneſs. Would to GOD

* Mr. Hughes died the night before this letter was written, aged 42.

you

you might live as long, as, I am ſure, the reputation of your tragedy muſt! I am a fellow-ſufferer with you, in not being able to ſee it played, having been and ſtill being too much indiſpoſed to go to any public place. But I could be extremely glad, ſome particular friends of mine had that pleaſure I cannot enjoy: you would highly favour me in letting three or four ladies have a ſide-box, who have ſent into the country to me, upon information that the boxes are diſpoſed of by you. I am ſorry to give you this trouble, when perhaps, for your health's ſake, you ſhould not have a moment's diſturbance, and I could not ſend ſooner, at this diſtance. Pray think I wiſh you all the ſucceſs you deſerve, and all the health you want.

I am, dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

A. POPE.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXII.

Mr. DUNCOMBE to Mr. ALLEN.

DEAR SIR, London, February 23, 1719-20.

YEſter-night I performed the laſt ſad office to the remains of my late honoured friend Mr. Hughes, by attending him to the grave, and ſupporting the pall. *Quis deſiderio ſit pudor aut modus tam chari capitis?* I am overwhelmed with grief, and know not what to ſay. He departed this life in the prime of his age, and on the very night his tragedy was firſt acted, ſome few hours after it had been received with the univerſal applauſe of his grateful countrymen *. He had indeed been languiſhing in a conſumption for ſeveral years; but yet, as long as life remained, his friends were wil-

* "So, till the day was won, the Greek renown'd
"With anguiſh bore the arrow in his wound;
"Then drew the ſhaft from out his tortur'd ſide,
"Let guſh the torrent of his blood, and died."
Dr. Young.

ling

ling to cheriſh hope. The vigour of his mind remained unbroken to the laſt, and about ten days before he died, he drew up a very elegant dedication to lord Cowper, which when his brother had tranſcribed, he bade him add the date, rightly preſaging that he ſhould not live to ſee it publiſhed. He was induced to bring it on the ſtage chiefly by the hopes of being uſeful to his relations, and expreſſed himſelf well pleaſed, on that account, that he had put the finiſhing hand to it. It is ſurpriſing that he ſhould be able to write ſo nervous and ſpirited a prologue, and ſuch a humorous an epilogue, in ſo languiſhing a condition. When he found himſelf declining apace, he ſaid, that "if his illneſs continued to "grow upon him ſo faſt, the prologue muſt "be ſpoken in black*; and, (added he,) "I doubt, that will be too much for my

* The prologue to Mr. Thomſon's poſthumous tragedy of "Coriolanus," which was written by Mr. (now lord) Lyttelton, was thus ſpoken by Mr. Quin. Such a prologue, ſo ſpoken, ſo felt, was more pathetic than moſt tragedies.

"friends

"friends to bear." On the day before he died, he ſaid, "I am now burning out "apace." . . . . . I find, this melts me too much, and therefore I muſt forbear. He only wiſhed to live till he had accompliſhed ſome beneficent actions. One of which was to have done ſomething for the relief of the great Milton's daughter *, who bears the character of a woman of very

* Deborah, Milton's third daughter, who married Mr. Abraham Clarke, a weaver, in Spital-fields, and died Auguſt 24, 1727, aged 76. Dr. Ward, profeſſor of rhetoric at Greſham-college, knew her by the likeneſs ſhe bore to her father's picture, and telling her ſo, ſhe informed him that Mr. Addiſon told her the ſame thing; for he, hearing ſhe was alive, ſent for her, and deſired her to bring ſome papers of her father's as a proof of her being his daughter. But ſhe was no ſooner introduced to him than he ſaid, "Madam, you need no other voucher, "your face is a ſufficient teſtimony whoſe daughter "you are." He made her a handſome preſent of a purſe of guineas, with a promiſe of procuring her an annual proviſion for her life; but he dying ſoon after, ſhe loſt the benefit of his generous deſign. She appeared to be a woman of good ſenſe, and a genteel behaviour, and to bear the inconveniences of a low fortune

good ſenſe, but is reduced ſo low, as to be obliged to teach ſchool for a livelihood; and Mr. Hughes could have been ſerviceable to her by the intereſt he had among perſons of diſtinction. After he had quite finiſhed his play, he deſired to hear no more of it, that he might turn his thoughts to more important ſubjects. He would often ſay, he thought it a fond thing for perſons to deſire to give a ſignal before they had their heads ſtruck off; "for," added he, "if it were left to us, we ſhould have al-"ways one thing or other to do, that

fortune with decency and prudence. She had ſeveral children, and for the benefit of her youngeſt daughter, Elizabeth (who married Mr. Thomas Foſter, and kept a chandler's ſhop in Cock-lane near Shoreditch) the maſk of "Comus" was acted at Drury-lane houſe in 1750 (with a prologue by Mr. Samuel Johnſon) which brought her near 130l. Mrs. Clarke, being ill treated by her mother-in law, went and lived as a companion with a Mrs. Merian in Ireland, 'till her marriage, and came over again to England during the troubles in Ireland under king James II.

"Birch's life of Milton," pp. lxxvi, lxxvii.

" would make us unwilling to quit the " ſtage of life."

I could dwell much longer on ſo worthy a ſubject, but the ingenious writer of the incloſed paper * has happily prevented me. And one who was more intimately acquainted with Mr. Hughes, during the latter part of his life, than the writer of it, cannot but bear teſtimony to the truth of the character there given.

May you long enjoy a firm ſtate of health for the comfort and improvement of all your friends, and particularly of, Sir,

Your moſt affectionate nephew,

W. DUNCOMBE †!

* The "Theatre," numb. 15. By Sir John Edgar (Sir Richard Steele.) See it in the preface to this work.

† Mr. Duncombe, in the year 1726, married Mr. Hughes's only ſiſter, and in 1735, publiſhed his " poems, with ſome ſelect eſſays in proſe," in two volumes, 12°.

One

One day, when Mr. Hughes, recovering from a violent fit of coughing, had breathed himſelf (it was not long after he had written his "Charon*,") he ſaid, ſmiling, "My "friend Charon will waft me over in a "little while, and leave all this behind."

LETTER LXXXIII.

Mr. POPE to Mr. JABEZ HUGHES.

SIR, Feb. 26, 1719-20.

I Cannot omit the acknowldgement I really think I owe your great civility, eſpecially at ſo melancholy and affecting a moment, as that of your worthy brother's death muſt have been to you. Indeed, even his common acquaintance muſt have known enough of him to regret his loſs; and I moſt heartily condole with you upon it. I believe, I am further obliged to you for his

* See note on* letter lx, p. 216.

play, which I received yeſterday, and read over again with more concern and ſorrow than I ever felt in the reading any tragedy. The real loſs of a good man may be called a diſtreſs to the world, and ought to affect us more than any feigned or ancient diſtreſs, how finely drawn ſoever. I am glad of an occaſion to give you, under my hand, this teſtimony, both how excellent I think this work to be, and how excellent I thought the author. I am, with my hearty thanks to you, Sir,

Your moſt obliged
and moſt humble ſervant,
A. POPE.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Mr. JABEZ HUGHES to Mr. POPE.

SIR, London, May 16, 1720.

THERE is ſomething ſo ſingularly polite in your being pleaſed to honour me with

with the laſt volumes of your excellent "Homer," that I am impatient to return my thanks immediately for ſo acceptable a favour. I have often heard my dear brother mention your preſenting him with the volumes which were publiſhed in his lifetime, with much pleaſure, as an obliging expreſſion of friendſhip; but thus to complete your valuable gift to one, who never had the happineſs of being perſonally known to you, is particularly genteel and kind.

I am the more touched with this unexpected regard, as proceeding from an author, who had always appeared to me diſtinguiſhed by a certain peculiar felicity and elegance of genius, from which the principal and inimitable graces of poetry ariſe; and though, from this prepoſſeſſion, I believed your tranſlation, when you began it, would be performed with great beauty and merit, I muſt own the ſucceſs is beyond my expectation, and I am ſurpriſed to ſee with what vigour you have ſupported ſo

long

long a labour: with what a wonderful warmth of imagination, a copiouſneſs and power of expreſſion, and fine harmony of numbers you have conducted it to the end. We know the privilege Horace indulgently allowed to Homer himſelf, in the length of ſo extended a courſe; but you have certainly waved it in the tranſlation, and are "awake" through the whole.

In a word, Sir, I congratulate you very heartily on your happy concluſion of this noble undertaking; by which you have enriched our tongue with an admirable verſion of the moſt celebrated poem of antiquity, and have acquired to yourſelf the immortality of your applauded author.

I am, Sir,
Your moſt obliged and obedient ſervant,
JABEZ HUGHES.

*LETTER LXXXV.

Rev. Dr. HERRING * to Mr. DUNCOMBE.

DEAR SIR, Barley, Aug. 20, 1728.

YOU will excuſe me, if I take this opportunity to profeſs myſelf much obliged to you for many favours which I have received from you, more particularly for that, which ſtands diſtinguiſhed in my me-

* Afterwards ſucceſſively biſhop of Bangor, and archbiſhop of York and Canterbury. He was then rector of the pariſh from whence he dates, near Royſton in Hertfordſhire, and preacher to the ſociety of Lincoln's-inn. "This amiable prelate" (as he is juſtly characteriſed by Dr. Jortin) "had piety without ſuperſtition, and moderation without meanneſs, an "open and liberal way of thinking, and a conſtant "attachment to the cauſe of ſober and rational li"berty, civil and religious. Thus he lived and died, "and few great men paſſed through this malevolent "world better beloved, and leſs cenſured than he."
Life of Eraſmus, vol. i, p. 42, note.

His grace died March 13, 1757, aged 64.

mory,

mory, as one of the moſt generous and diſintereſted offers of friendſhip, which ever I received from any one ſince I was acquainted with the world *. It is a cir-

* This alludes to two letters by Mr. Duncombe (firſt printed, without a name, in the Whitehall Evening Poſt, in March and April, 1728,) in juſtification of the doctrine maintained by Dr. Herring, in a ſermon at Lincoln's-inn-chapel, which had occaſioned a great clamour, on account of its alluding to the "Beggar's Opera," then exhibiting at the neighbouring theatre, and preſuming to condemn it, as of pernicious conſequence to the practice of morality and chriſtian virtue. Experience confirmed the truth of this obſervation, by the many robberies committed daily in the ſtreets during the repreſentation of that piece, beyond the example of former times; and ſeveral thieves and robbers afterwards confeſſed in Newgate, that they raiſed their courage at the playhouſe, by the ſongs of their hero Macheath, before they ſallied forth on their deſperate nocturnal exploits. What Cicero ſays of the poets in general may with more reaſon be applied, with a little alteration, to theſe popular ſongs: *Ita ſunt dulces, ut non modo audiantur, ſed etiam ediſcantur, ſic ad malam diſciplinam, vitamque diſſolutam et effrænatam, cum acceſſerunt hujusmodi poetæ, nervos omnis virtutis elidunt.*

cumſtance in my life which I remember with very particular gratitude to you, and pleaſure to myſelf. You are very kind again to follow me into my country retirement, and to withdraw yourſelf from the converſation of your friends in town, to pay me a viſit here; for, next to doing it in perſon, a letter is the moſt acceptable thing. It is next to the countenance of a friend, and, like that, inſpires a certain chearfulneſs and vivacity; a thing which is ſometimes wanted in the country: for, whatever we may think of the pleaſures of ſolitude and contemplation in the noiſe and hurry of company and buſineſs, life cannot paſs off any where agreeably, without the intercourſe of friendſhip and converſation.

I have not ſeen the pamphlet you mention, but am exceedingly pleaſed with the

Theſe two letters have ſince been republiſhed in the preface prefixed to archbiſhop Herring's "ſeven "ſermons," printed in 1763.

paſſages which you have quoted out of it. As to the queſtion itſelf, my ſenſe of it is, that the "reaſonableneſs" of virtue is its true foundation; and the Creator has formed our minds to ſuch a quick perception of it, that it is, in almoſt every occurrence of human life, ſelf-evident: But then I am for taking in every poſſible help to ſupport and ſtrengthen virtue, beauty, moral ſenſe, affection, and even ſelf-intereſt: and it ſeems to me as if the Creator, to ſecure the practice of it, had adapted various arguments to the various tempers of men, and their different ſollicitations. And virtue, thus ſecured and guarded, may perhaps not unfitly be compared to thoſe buildings of a Gothic taſte, which, though they have a good foundation, are furniſhed nevertheleſs (againſt all accidents) with many outward ſupports and buttreſſes, but ſo contrived and adjuſted by the architect, that they do not detract from, but even add to, the beauty and grandeur of the building.

I have

I have read over your criticisms on Tindal's tranſlation *, and think them exceedingly juſt and neceſſary. Such haſty mercenary tranſlators really put an affront upon the public, and ſeem to take for granted that men have neither taſte nor judgment. The inaccuracies of ſtyle, the lowneſſes of expreſſion, and the many omiſſions in this tranſlation, are prodigiouſly offenſive. The hiſtory of Rapin Thoyras is ſo much debaſed and mangled by them, that one would think the tranſlator had a deſign upon his character, and intended to make him appear ridiculous, by putting him into an awkward Engliſh dreſs. For really, if Mr.

* Of Rapin's hiſtory, in a pamphlet entitled "Remarks on Mr. Tindal's tranſlation, &c. In a letter to S. T. [Sigiſmund Trafford] eſq;" The concluding paragraph is as follows: "Mr. Dryden's elegant verſion of Father Maimbourg's hiſtory of the league is, with regard to ſtyle and language, a much better model for any one who will oblige the public with an accurate tranſlation of M. de Rapin Thoyras's hiſtory, than Sir Roger L'Eſtrange's tranſlation of Joſephus, or of Quevedo's viſions."

Tindal

Tindal does not take a little more pains, Rapin Thoyras will become of the ſame claſs with the reſt of our Engliſh hiſtorians. The *Guardian* *, I remember, has made a few very juſt obſervations on the ſtyle of the great lord Verulam, which if Mr. Tindal had conſidered, he would not have fallen, as he often does, into that vulgar and abject manner of expreſſion.

I am, dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

THO. HERRING.

* Vol. i, numb. 25.

AN old Spaniſh proverb ſays, "He is "a blockhead that cannot make one verſe, "and he is a fool that makes more." Be that as it may, I am ambitious, as the public has been ſo indulgent to this little collection, to enrich it with the inſertion of "a haſty prologue to All for Love", as an *unique*, written by Mr. Hughes's friend the late biſhop of Wincheſter, the only copy of verſes (as far as is known) of his compoſition, and now printed from his own handwriting. Of his ſkill in muſic, and his lady's in painting, we are informed by his ſon, in the preface to the late edition of his works; but here we ſee in them the union of the three ſiſter-arts: an aſſemblage of accompliſhments ſcarce ever exceeded, but by Mr. Hughes himſelf, who united them in his own perſon:—

Where virtue is, theſe are moſt virtuous,

ſays our great dramatic poet; but it ſeldom happens, as in theſe examples, that religion,

religion, truth, and the graces are of the ſame company.

Though a ſingle expreſſion or two may be left in the "prologue," through haſte or inadvertancy, which a ſevere critic might wiſh altered, it may, I think, be affirmed with truth, that the two lines introduced from one of our greateſt poets, Dryden, (though excellent in ſentiment,) are the worſt in the whole piece, both as to ſound and obſcurity. Let me obſerve alſo, before I mention the particular occaſion of it, that the two laſt lines plainly refer to the 6th ſtanza of Mr. Welſted's elegant ode, written the year before, and printed in this volume, p. 195.

In the ſummer of the year 1718, the biſhop of Bangor, with Dr. Samuel Clarke, and Sir Richard Steele *, made a viſit of

* Biſhop Hoadly and Sir Richard Steele had long been connected as public men and fellow-labourers in the cauſe of liberty. The ſhare that the Tatler took in the controverſy with biſhop Blackall has been mentioned

ſome days at Blenheim-houſe, by invitation; where, he found, the ladies and gentlemen of the family, and a few of the neighbourhood, had got up the tragedy of "All for "Love", to entertain the duke of Marlborough, who had ſhewn, before this, ſome ſymptoms of that paralytic diſorder, which impaired his ſenſes, and, at length, terminated in a total decay, and his diſſolution. Lady Bateman, (one of his grace's granddaughters by the earl of Sunderland,) who played the part of Cleopatra, had in vain applied to Sir Richard Steele for a prologue on that extraordinary occaſion, and ſeemed chagrined at the diſappointment. At night, when the family retired, the

mentioned, p. 52. Mr. Hoadly was one of the four friends, who, in 1711, reviſed and corrected Mr. Steele's "Criſis" before it was printed. Mr. Addiſon, Mr. Lechmere, and Mr. Minſhull were the other three. Mr. Hoadly was alſo the reputed author of "A dedication to his holineſs Clement XI." an admirable piece of grave humour, ſigned "Richard Steele," being prefixed to his "Account "of the ſtate of the Roman Catholic religion through-"out the world," publiſhed in 1715.

biſhop

biſhop deſired pen, ink, and paper might be brought to his chamber, and, the next morning at breakfaſt, preſented to lady Bateman the following "prologue;" which ſhe ſpoke, the ſame evening, to the duke and dutcheſs, his grace ſhedding tears at the unexpected compliment from a favourite grand-child.

In the courſe of the play, Sir Richard, who ſat next to the biſhop, often obſerved how well and feelingly captain Fiſhe performed the part of Anthony. This gentleman, who had been the duke's page, had diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the army, and, as I have been informed, died a lieutenant-colonel. In one of the ſcenes where Fiſhe was very ſweet upon his Cleopatra, Sir Richard whiſpered the biſhop, "I doubt, "this 'Fiſhe' is 'Fleſh', my lord."—I muſt mention another incident at their going away. Sir Richard ſaid to the biſhop, "Does your lordſhip give money to all "theſe fellows in laced coats and ruffles?" "No doubt," replied the biſhop. "I have

"not

" not enough*," ſaid the knight; and when he paſſed by them in the hall, he accoſted them in a ſpeech, telling them, " that he " had found them 'men of taſte,' and, as " ſuch, invited them all to Drury-lane thea- " tre, to whatever play they ſhould pleaſe " to beſpeak," he having then a ſhare in the patent †.

* One of the little witty ſhifts to which the knight was often reduced, related by Savage, is ſaid to have been practiſed about this time.

See the " Life of Savage," p. 13.

† He obtained this in 1714 by the friendſhip of the duke of Marlborough, which he owed to a pleaſant repartee (reported to the duke, and taken as it was meant) on his grace's preferring his relations.

See " Biographia Britannica", vol. vi, p. 3829.

A haſty PROLOGUE to ALL FOR LOVE,

Acted at BLENHEIM-HOUSE, in the ſummer, 1718.

Written by Biſhop HOADLY,

AND

Spoken by Lady BATEMAN.

WHILE ancient dames and heroes in us live,
And ſcenes of love and war we here revive,
Greater in both, in both more fortunate,
Than all that ever ages paſt call'd great,
O MARLBRO', think not wrong that I thee name,
And firſt do homage to thy brighter fame.

Beauty and virtue with each other ſtrove
To move and recompenſe thy early love;
Beauty *, which Egypt's queen could never boaſt,
And virtue ſhe ne'er knew, or quickly loſt!
A ſoul ſo form'd and cloath'd, heav'n muſt deſign
For ſuch a ſoul, and ſuch a form, as thine.

* Of the beauty of the dutcheſs of Marlborough, if we had no other teſtimony, no other would be wanting than her portrait painted by Kneller, and engraved by Smith; and the duke, it is well known, was diſtinguiſhed in the French army under marſhal Turenne by the name of "the handſome Engliſh-"man."

But

But, call'd from ſoft repoſe, and beauty's charms,
Thy louder fame is ſpoke in feats of arms.
The fabled ſtories of great Philip's ſon
By thy great deeds the world has ſeen outdone;
The Cæſars that Rome boaſted, yield their bays,
And own, in juſtice, thy ſuperior praiſe:
They fought the empire of the world to gain,
But thou, to break the haughty tyrant's chain;
They fought to' enſlave mankind, but thou to free
Whole nations from deteſted ſlavery:
" Their guilty paths to grandeur taught to hate
" By virtue, nor to bluſh for being great *."

This heap of ſtones which Blenheim's palace frame,
Roſe, in this form, a monument to thy name.
This heap of ſtones muſt crumble into ſand,
But thy great name ſhall through all ages ſtand †.

* See Aureng-zebe, act v.

† Dr. Campbell, in his life of the duke in " Bio-
" graphia Britannica," has expreſſed the ſame idea with equal elegance in proſe: " The noble pile near
" Woodſtock may be juſtly ſtyled his monument, but
" without pretending to the gift of prophecy, one
" may venture to foretell, that his glory will long
" ſurvive that ſtructure, and that ſo long as our hiſ-
" tories remain, or indeed the hiſtories of Europe,
" his memory will live and be the boaſt of Britain,
" who, by his labours, was raiſed to be the firſt of

In fate's dark book I ſaw thy long-liv'd name,
And thus the certain prophecy proclaim:
'One* ſhall ariſe, who will thy deeds rehearſe,
'Not in arch'd roofs, or in ſuſpected verſe;
'But in plain annals of each glorious year,
'With pomp of truth the ſtory ſhall appear.
'Long after Blenheim's walls ſhall moulder'd lie,
'Or, blown by winds, to diſtant countries fly,

" nations, as, during the age in which he lived, he
" was deſervedly eſteemed the firſt of men."
Vol. ii, p. 1352.

* If his lordſhip in theſe lines alluded to any particular hiſtorian, it muſt probably be the friend who ſat next him, as Sir Richard, in the ſixth number of a paper called "The Reader," dated May 3, 1714, had intimated a deſign of writing "A hiſtory of the "war in Flanders; the relation to commence from "the date of the duke of Marlborough's commiſſions "as captain-general and plenipotentiary, and to end "with the expiration of thoſe commiſſions." But this deſign he never executed, and after his death, in 1729, the materials were returned to the dutcheſs dowager of Marlborough, who, by her laſt will, left them to Mr. Glover and the late Mr. Mallet, for the ſame purpoſe, with 1000l. to be equally divided between them. But the firſt of theſe gentlemen declined the truſt, and the latter never diſcharged it.

'By

'By him ſhall thy great actions all ſurvive,
'And by thy name ſhall his be taught to live.'

O cheriſh the remains of life; ſurvey
Thoſe years of glory which can ne'er decay;
Enjoy the beſt reward below allow'd,
The mem'ry of paſt actions great and good!

END of VOL. I.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM.